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MY TRAVELS;

OR,

AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND,

AND ITALY.

BY

CAPTAIN CHAMIER, R.N.,

AUTHOR OF

"THE LIFE OF A SAILOR," &c.

"To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's stoics—men without a heart."

DON JUAN, Canto V.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MY TRAVELS.

CHAPTER I.

THE COURT AND PALACES OF NAPLES.

The 12th January is the King's fête-day. This is the great event of the Baciamano. Every foreigner is anxious to see royalty, and in this respect the English are ever foremost. It is difficult to say, if this proceeds merely from idle curiosity—from a disposition to be seen at Court—from personal vanity—or from that respect to the sovereign, be he who he may, which so pre-eminently distinguishes the order-loving, aristocratic-minded English—

there were very few of us at Naples at this period.

Since the revolution of 1848, his Majesty has resided principally at Caserta, his favourite palace, where, hedged in by troops, he can enjoy his dignity in security; he very seldom came to his magnificent palace in Naples. That stately, beautiful edifice was untenanted of its royalty; but now that his loving subjects seem more tranquil, and are content with a mouthful of macaroni in winter, and a water-melon in summer, all riots and revolutions seem at an end; and his Majesty appeared once more in public at Naples.

After the usual preliminary ceremony of the gathering together in divers rooms—the ambassadors and foreigners being in one, and the Neapolitans in other apartments—his Majesty, accompanied by the Queen and the royal family, with the usual burrs of royalty—the chamberlains, &c., entered the throne-room.

As I remarked a considerable rush to one door, I thought of Sir Sydney Smith's advice to me many years ago, "to keep your eye on one object, and avoid the crowd." I took the liberty to diverge from the stream, and join a

smaller current through another door. On entering the throne-room I found myself, by very polite persuasion of the elbows, close to the lower step of the platform, and within one of the Queen.

The King is certainly the first, and very nearly the *greatest* man in his dominion; and in the exercise of his supreme power, it has always surprized me, that he had not sent the divers printsellers of Naples to Ischia-Procida, or Nisida, for change of air and trifling restraint, for hanging up at their windows such confoundedly ugly likenesses of both him and the Queen. Any representation of an ogre, or of the Emperor Soulouque, in uniform, can scarcely be more disagreeably ugly and ferocious than the prints of his blessed Majesty, Ferdinand of Naples. As for the Queen, they have caricatured her into an apparently half-drunken housemaid.

His Majesty is not handsome, it must be admitted; neither can any man of his tremendous size strike the most casual observer as the picture of elegance. There is a certain standard, which cannot be passed without running into coarseness; and nothing derogates more from respect than a short, fat, stumpy,

paunchy man, who is called an ambassador, and said to "represent his sovereign." I never could fancy Louis XVIII. a gentleman; and Garibaldi, the Pope's nuncio at Paris, always reminded me of a huge pudding in a black bag. It is quite inconsistent, that a man who requires to have so much in his head, should waddle about with such an enormous stomach—it is unfair upon the legs, they must totter under the weight; these fillets of veal upon castors always look ridiculous in uniforms, and never dignified; but I have seen his Majesty, Ferdinand, dance; and there is an exhibition in the Cirque Imperatrice, at Paris, to which it might be likened. Their Majesties having taken up a position, one on one side, the other on the other of the throne, and in advance, close to the edge of the platforms, were faced by the generals and admirals of the kingdom; and here again I must digress a little.

I confess my astonishment—I know it is very vulgar to express astonishment, or to go gaping and staring about at chandeliers or furniture in any gentleman's house—but it did astonish me to see the generals, admirals, and high dignitaries of either the court, the camp,

or the sea; and I begin to curse the many idle hours I had wasted over some poetry of Dryden, Pope, or Byron, and neglected to read of the great and splendid deeds of the Neapolitan services. Here before me stood drawn up in line from forty to fifty officers, literally covered with stars—here was one brown man, with dyed hair, fat, unhealthy-looking, and suspicious, covered with orders; I confess I blush for my ignorance, but I never could call to mind that I had ever heard of his name, excepting where it had *better never have figured.*

It was in vain to ask of the witty and spiritual Prince who was at my side, and who was the only person between myself and the Queen, what great services these men had performed, and how it was that no poet existed to hymn their praises. The Neapolitans answer by signs; and the Prince, throwing his head back, and making an indescribable noise with his lips, conveyed the full force of the word "*Niente*," much better than if he had expended an hour in its explanation. I asked another, what that poor, old, wizened, decrepid bearer of gold and orders had done? —"Niente." Another, younger, with a bright

eye, as if something good *might* come of him —"Niente." A bald, red-faced man, whose teeth, at any rate, had done him good service —"Niente." There they were, however, this regiment of "Nientes," bedizened and decorated, stars, ribbons; some stuck here, others dangling round the neck, as if the body was too small to carry the just rewards of such intrepid souls. There are 60,000 of the *Legion* of Honour in France—there are more in Naples, in proportion to the population. I presume it is done to encourage the manufacturers of medals of honour.

The, King with his cocked hat athwart ships, as the sailors say, stood like the Colossus of Rhodes, with his feet somewhat apart, occasionally gently vibrating from side to side, like a lazy pendulum. The doors were opened in front, and in walked the first of the fifteen hundred who were to have the honour of kissing the royal hands; for not only were their Majesties to have fifteen hundred kisses, but this token of humility and submission was to be extended to the royal family, all of whom were dressed up in uniform, and some were only nine or ten years of age. His Majesty looked like the nucleus of a comet,

with his royal progeny tailing off, getting "small by degrees, and beautifully less."

Now of these fifteen hundred men, some of whom went down upon both knees, and the rest upon one, and who kissed his Majesty's hand so loud as frequently to excite the risibility of the Queen, I would wager there were not fifty who were not in heart and soul, but not in courage, opposed to his Majesty. They were *there*—they were *obliged* to be *there*—the prisons, although crowded, may yet hold more, and absence might be suspicious.

There is a great quickness in the King's eye and his frown!

"Gravis ira regum semper!"

He possesses that peculiar faculty of never forgetting a name or a person: to some he gave his hand, then let it fall by his side—the next man took it, and kissed it, but the King was looking elsewhere. Another came—the royal cheek was tickled, and the hand was required to scratch it; but to some he spoke, but this honour was only to a few—very few.

The Queen, who is the model of all propriety, and so scrupulous as to decency, that the opera dancers at St. Carlos are obliged to

wear green inexpressibles, thereby drawing the attention to that, which in the light airy gossamer had been neglected from custom, was equally observant; and although she allowed her hand to be warmly caressed by some, she withdrew it altogether from others, who, having knelt down looked remarkably silly in their distress. The little children scarcely knew what to do—the heir-apparent managed his part with some dignity; but the young ones soon thought the whole show as excessively irksome, gaped, and had their hands kissed as unconcernedly as if the nurse had patted it. Now came the judges, these luminaries of Neapolitan law, as venal as they are treacherous—here again were orders and decorations, and absurdities. There is a Neapolitan judge, who is a foreign consul! only imagine for a moment, a judge of a county court being the Spanish Consul in England.

It is extraordinary the difference and bearing of men who are free, in contrast with those who are slaves; the free man gives his respect with a true and sincere heart to the power he has raised; he has nothing to fear from the frown of his sovereign, or the pride of his ministers; he knows that he cannot be incar-

cerated for months upon the hearsay, whispered evidence of a low, mean-minded, paltry spy. The finest broadcloth or the richest satin, the profoundest courtesy or the most fascinating manner, will not insure one from being in the presence of an informant.

The very musician who plays his organ under the windows, has his mission. The free man walks erect, alike conscious of the justice which will be dealt him, and the impossibility of tyranny and oppression. The poor slave, whose liberty is lost from cowardice, or wrested from him by the adherence of a treacherous army, who have sold his country's rights and liberties for extra pay, or a flimsy ribbon, crouches as he approaches his sovereign. He dare not raise his eyes to meet his master's; he feels that a breath may ruin him. *He must* be present where he most fears to be; he enters a trembling coward, and walks out with the faltering step of uncertainty and suspicion. Never did I feel the real value of that blessed liberty which our forefathers gained for England, and never prayed more earnestly that it might be transmitted to our children, and guarded faithfully and resolutely as the greatest

boon this world can bestow, than when I saw this herd of yoked cattle performing the round of the royal room, and licking the hand which could crush them.

Liberty is quite a matter of taste. You will be told by some that it is all ideal; and yet there is scarcely a family in the Neapolitan dominions who has not a relation in prison or in exile—condemned without a trial, and, perhaps, ruined without a cause—who dares murmur—who can get the innocent man a hearing—who is bold enough to publish the case, and censure authority, by drawing public attention to it? Not one soul in all Naples. And yet there are amongst the Neapolitans as fine, as bold, as resolute, and, what may astonish some people to assert, as educated men, as can be found in any country in Europe; but these are the bright lights which make the common darkness more visible. To mention one of them, would be to condemn him. I know one of the most elegant and accomplished men in Naples, who rejoiced that he had not asked Gladstone to his house. Not that he did not inwardly regret his apparent want of hospitality, but because he knew that the intimacy would have occasioned his ruin. Let any one

be injudicious enough to thank a Neapolitan in print, without his book is such another as the rubbish of Macfarlane, and he will insure the surveillance, if nothing heavier, of his friend.

I am sure to digress. I like it; it is an easy way of running off one's ideas. I hate that close, formal style, which pins a man down like an Alderney cow, and only allows him to graze in a certain circle.

The fifteen hundred people had gone through the court etiquette, performed the Neapolitan Kou-tou, kissed or not, as the case might be, the royal hand, walked out of the other door and disappeared, and left his Majesty, with his royal consort and family, to enter the room in which we were first assembled, and where we had the honour of presentation. His Majesty was excessively kind and affable to all, and nothing could surpass the urbanity of the Queen. The most fastidious could find no fault with his reception; everything was conducted with exceeding good taste, with dignity, and decorum. His Majesty conversed upon those common topics to which sovereigns are reduced with strangers; and I returned home, convinced that whatever the government of

Naples might be, his Majesty was a gentleman.

There was a ball given at the palace in Naples, on the 22nd January, and the invitations seemed to mark the favourites, and those suffering the royal displeasure. About thirty families, well known, and of high birth and some pretensions, were excluded; of course, this latter fact supplied plenty of conversation for those who delight in meddling in other people's affairs.

The spacious apartments of this magnificent palace—for in Naples the royal residences do not look "out at the elbows"—were well lighted, and admirably arranged in all but one thing, and that, I was given to understand, could not be remedied, as in Naples the floors are not parqueted as in Paris—the dancing was on carpets; and a *dust was kicked up* by the feet, in which neither head nor hands fortunately joined.

The King and Queen both danced frequently, in quadrilles. I presume waltzing is not in accordance with the royal notions of decorum, although that dance was permitted; but all polkas, or approaches to polking, are unknown in the royal palaces, and at the balls

of the Accademia. The French Ambassador was less rigid in morals, and more lively in music; and at his house this forbidden fruit flourished in full force and liveliness. Their Majesties were both extremely affable and courteous; and in spite of the ambition which leads men to covet authority, or, by popular assent, to be raised to royalty, no such wish entered my head. I am convinced the middle path of life is best; that which is rich enough to avoid envy, and which is not sufficiently poor to occasion pity.

The King had better have hired a pair of hands to dangle from his sleeves, and kept his own for his own purposes; every person whom he passed seized his apparently automaton hand and kissed it; and when it was relinquished, it seemed to fall mechanically in its place. The Queen did not escape this infliction. To play King is no pleasure; to *be* one, is an awful tax.

There were three military bands, which played in rotation, and all admirably; but I confess I like stringed instruments more than the bellow of trumpets and horns, especially in a room. There was a splendid supper at two o'clock, and it must be admitted that

there lacked no mouths for its consumption. Heavens, how Neapolitans do eat! they must have previously starved for forty-eight hours, or taken in wine and provisions for the forty-eight hours to come. The visitation of the Harpies was quite a joke to this exhibition—I never saw such a desolation as they occasioned.

There was nothing left to be desired in this regal entertainment, but chairs to sit at table. The supper was a hurry and a bustle, and very unlike what may be remembered at the Tuilleries, during the reign of Louis Philippe; but, although all was as well arranged as it could be, saving this last exception, below it was very different—there was but one door, and that a narrow one, by which the visitors could return to their homes, consequently only one carriage could be laden at a time; and the crowding about that door, in order to get at the servant, was, as I heard a very encumberedly decorated General observe, "Une vrai bataille." I certainly ought to have had a star for my part of the execution in the fray.

The Neapolitans always give you an advance in rank—if you are a Captain, they justly

think you have been neglected at home, and they give you promotion abroad, and make a Colonel of you—if a Colonel, you ought to have been, and consequently shall be, a General. Everybody with a long tail to his coat, and decently blacked shoes, is "his Excellency," to the considerable annoyance of those who, in their ambassadorial missions, would retain that appellation to themselves; and much as people are thus elevated by the drivers of coaches, or shopkeepers, they are out-done a thousandfold by the servants of his Majesty. Of course, these servants pay you a visit shortly after the ball, to hope your Excellency has slept well, and was much pleased with the royal entertainment; which of course means—"Una piccola moneta, Eccellenza." I was busy fighting the decorated General's only battle, and doing the best I could for a dozen shivering families, when I saw a rather sickly-looking man, whose love of royalty was greater than his love of health; he looked terribly adrift, and consequently excited my attention.

"There is," he began in our language, with a slight provincial pronunciation, "a terrible

scramble and scuffle, and I do not see how I am ever to get away."

"Nothing so easy," I replied, willing to console him; "you have only to tell this fellow in the gold lace and cocked hat, without any decoration, and that is the only distinguishing mark between him and a general officer, to call your servant — what is his name?"

"The servant told me," replied my sick stranger, "to call Lorenzo de l'Univers. I am at the Hotel de l'Univers."

"Good," said I; "tell this bedizened varlet to call him."

"Will you have the kindness," said the sick man to the servant, "to call Lorenzo de l'Univers?"

The courteous dependant upon royalty raised both his hands to make a kind of speaking trumpet, and roared out, "Les gens de son Excellence Le Marquis de Lorenzo de l'Univers;" the finest brodeuse of Paris could never have rivalled this.

It was during the hour-and-a-half that I was employed in getting up my own carriage, and that of more disconsolate people, that I remarked a tall, thin, wizen-faced man, with

white hair, and a heap of stars, constantly looking at me. I was not vain enough to imagine that there was anything particularly striking in my appearance, and I attributed the honour of this never-ceasing gaze, as more due to my uniform than myself, especially as I was the only person in the company who wore the naval uniform of England. Wherever I went, there was this gentlemanly-looking individual, evidently daguerreotyping me in his memory; there was nothing rude in the gaze, but it was so constant that I thought I would give him a good opportunity to remember my countenance; I advanced to seize a chair, just vacated by a fat lady, who had as many titles as the first minister at the court of the Emperor Sonlouque—always of blessed memory; at that instant I heard myself made a Count by the servant, and had to make a precipitate retreat. This led to a curious event, which will be seen hereafter.

CHAPTER II.

A MASKED BALL.

THE King gave a fancy ball on the 20th of February. The invitations were on fancy coloured paper, very bilious, very yellow. It was done with the best possible intention, that of giving an impetus to trade, but it signally failed. All the Neapolitans who were asked were obliged to go, excepting some few who pleaded sickness; the sacrifices made to appear in proper costume impoverished many. It was a brilliant sight—no uniforms were admitted; and even the Diplomatic Corps, who at first revolted in a gentlemanly manner, and who did all they could to avoid this absurd custom, were compelled to do as his Majesty did. The remark made by the King to the gentle murmur of the

representatives of other Sovereigns, was just —" I ask my guests to a fancy ball. Myself and my family appear in costume. It is no official ceremony, and no offence will be taken if any of the Diplomatic Corps do not attend —they can come or keep away—if they come, they must come in costume—if they abstain, it will be unnoticed." The consequence was, all went.

There were some circumstances which occurred at this ball, indicative of the vigilance of the authorities, and the quick and observant eye of the King. One young nobleman appeared as a Calabrian brigand; the dress was admirable, the wearer a handsome man—both men and women remarked both. His Majesty towered above all, from his height, and his eye soon fell upon this costume; he whispered to one near him; that man was soon by the side of the imitation brigand. " His Majesty," said the messenger, " does not think his ball-room a proper place for a Calabrian brigand." It did not require a second hint for that costume to disappear.

There was a dull tall man, of the nondescript order, who wore his own hair, and, what was more offensive, his own beard. Beards

are very suspicious ornaments in Naples; they are declared badges, signs, and so forth, of political sentiments—and a hairy Esau, with a muzzle like a bear, is declared an advocate of "Italia unita." There was, some time since, a regular razzia among the beards, and clean chins, at least smooth ones, existed by order of the police: an importation of Frenchmen gave great trouble, as the Neapolitan government knew better than "to laugh at their beards;" and now and then, a hairy Englishman, or a desperate American, showed enough of their lips to prove they had mouths.

The dull tall man moved about the room as dull tall men generally do: it is an unchristian remark, in reference to tall men and high houses, that the upper stories are always badly furnished—there are exceptions to both. I remember an English gentleman, who lived *au septiéme* at the Rue Royal, at Paris, whose apartment was more elegantly furnished than any other rooms in the house; and Thackeray is a very tall man, and no one will doubt that the upper apartment of that stately edifice is most elegantly, usefully, and scientifically adorned. The King's eye fell upon the dull tall man's chin; it was a beard, by Allah! as

desperately united as that of the Prince of Syracuse, or the black, Spanish-looking Francisco de Paulo—but Princes may wear what other subjects may not, although we all know that what a Prince wears, men like to imitate. The ball was over, and the dull man betook himself to ride, in all probability to get rid of the last night's debauch; on his return to his own door, he found a gentlemanly man awaiting his arrival. "You are Count G., I believe," said the attendant.

"The same," was the reply.

"You will have the kindness to shave your beard."

"I shave my beard! I——"

"Cease your anger and your astonishment," said the officer of police, "for if *you* do not shave it, I shall;" and he departed.

It is marvellous how men will cling to a hair; the Count swore by the multitudinous saints of the Neapolitan calendar, not omitting St. Ferdinand, that no profane razor should sever his cherished beard; but he took good care to invoke his saints in his own room, and to mutter his grief in a "sotto voce." The very walls have ears at Naples; it was all of no use, the last words still rung in his ears;

"if *you* do not shave it, *I* shall." For four days did the Count hear his horse neigh without daring to mount it, and saw the stream of human beings in the full glee of existence, without his venturing to participate in the delights.

The police agent returned, and the beard came off.

I remarked to a Neapolitan general, who was much embarrassed what dress to select for this fancy ball, that he would look well in that given in prints of Lord Stafford going to execution.

"Thank you," he replied; "I have been near enough to execution in my own dress, to court it in the dress of another."

The vigilance of the king or the police did not extend to the ladies; they were a very motley group, but perhaps it were better to say nothing about them.

In the meantime the king patronized the races, and gave a third ball; but the expenses of the fancy ball had shut up his subjects. There was only one ball given by any private individual of note during the season; and it is a positive fact, that some actually sold their horses to pay for their dresses. There is no

satisfying the public; it had been a common complaint that the King never came to Naples, and never gave any entertainments in any place but Caserta; and now, when he came out strong, everybody else but the Academie closed their doors. It is amusing to hear some of the devoted friends of the government declaring that the Neapolitans are the richest nation in Europe, *because* they never had paper money. It would perhaps be better if they came to that manufacture, and had a more extended circulation. Naples is altogether a contradiction. The accounts of the state, and all mercantile accounts, are kept in ducats, and yet there is no such coin in existence.

I doubt if any sovereign in Europe is better provided with palaces than his Majesty King Ferdinand. It would be very hard to rival the beauties of the Palace of Naples or Capodimonte. I never saw a more beautiful or a more comfortable palace than the latter; but it is a proof how foolishly money may be squandered, and what a want of foresight sometimes occurs. There is no water at Capodimonte! In vain have holes been made, artesian wells attempted; there is not a drop of water to be obtained in the palace or around it—all must

be carried at an enormous expense; for this reason this beautiful, elegant, delightful residence is scarcely ever inhabited; and yet who could resist the wish to inhabit it? Nothing can surpass the admirable taste which has been displayed here; the Queen's dressing-room, every article of which has been taken from Pompeii, even to the mosaic floors, petrified tables, and painted walls, is unrivalled in Europe.

The rooms are all lofty and spacious, and the views from the windows most beautiful. In the distance is Capri, looking, from its bold outline and curious shape, like a Chinese puzzle at sea, and the whole line of the Bay, Sorrento, Castellamare, Portici, Vesuvius, and not the least beautiful amongst so much beauty, is the view of Naples itself, which this palace, from its position, seems to overhang, are all visible. It is a charming abode; but the rain-water, the only water which Heaven supplies without a water-carrier, is a drawback which royalty cannot overcome. Sometimes entertainments are given here; but during the winter of 1853 and the season of 1854, none occurred.

The gardens are not kept in the order which might be expected; the drives round the

grounds, which are exceedingly pretty, might warrant the same remark. Weeds seem very plentiful everywhere, and in more stations than the royal gardens.

Pass to Caserta, the railway takes you to the limits of this palace in an hour and a half; it is an hour and a half not lost to those whose eyes are not closed, but kept open to the views; here it may not be displaced to notice generally, that all the railways in the Neapolitan dominions, although belonging to the government, are well managed: they start at the time declared, and arrive generally, almost always, to the minute. The carriages are good and comfortable; and although the pace, in comparison with England, is slow, the journey is made without accident. Accidents are very rare here; I do not remember to have heard of *one!* Caserta is the pet abode of the King, he resides here almost always; sometimes he extends the light of his countenance to Gaëta, where he is constructing fortifications to defend his firm ally, the Pope, who, before long, may find himself more conveniently placed there than at Rome. Sometimes his Majesty frequents for a month the Island of Ischia, where he is

constructing a new port, and where may be seen hundreds of the poor devils of convicts, in their red jackets and chains, working under the royal windows; but with these slight variations, his Majesty is constant to Caserta and his Palace of Naples, and rarely goes to Quesisana, at Castallamare, and to the Palace at Portici never; the latter is unfurnished; the interior of Quesisana is inferior to a respectable farm-house in England.

The Palace of Caserta is esteemed by some writers as one of the finest in Europe; it was commenced about one hundred years ago by Carlo Borbone, and is about seven hundred and eighty feet in length; it is called the masterpiece of Varivitelli, and declared to be in the richest style of Italian architecture. Forsyth has gone nearly mad with ecstacies of this overgrown heap of stones. Of the interior, too much cannot be said. The King inhabits the ground-floor, and leaves the magnificent rooms on the first-floor for receptions. These rooms were prepared for the Emperor of Russia, but they have never been inhabited: the dressing-room of the Empress will occupy the attention of the ladies, and not without reason.

The finest part of this palace—for state

rooms, with long daubs of spoilt canvas with royal children, "the tenth transmittal of a foolish face," are the same everywhere—is the vestibule and the staircase; the former is adorned by rich doric columns of Sicilian marble, and the grand staircase is rich in the marbles of Trapani. It is disgusting in the extreme to see cut and scratched on this most splendid monument the names of Smith and Green, and hundreds of other fools. One idiot, who was resolved his name should live, at least on that marble, for I will not gratify this second Erostratus for fame by recording him here, however ephemeral this work might be, must have taken an hour at least to have cut his name in this hard marble. Splendid, indeed, as this staircase is, and worthy as it is of the admiration of every visitor, it lacks the eye of a keen guardian, and the besom of purity might be used to great effect. There is a beautiful view from the centre of the vestibule. "The middle arch," says Forsyth, "opens upon a long obscure portico, which pierces the whole depth of the palace, and acts like the tube of a telescope on the distant cascade." And Forsyth is correct in his remarks when he says, speaking of the staircase,

"Here the finest *breccia* and *locatelli* of the Sicilies are lavished; but at present they glitter like jewels on a dunghill, amidst unplastered walls, loose stones, smoky lamps, and *filth*." The necessity of my besom is here authenticated.

But the traveller who has benefited the railway, will be glad of the refreshing air of the gardens, which, with the exception of the profusion of violets which perfume the air, I hardly think worth mentioning. The great object, and which is opposite the back front of the palace, are the cascades. They are supplied by an aqueduct from Monte Taburno. The principal cascade comes tumbling down the hill in vast volumes, sparkling and foaming in its course, and issuing apparently from a hundred rocks, terminating its descent in a huge basin, which is made to represent the story of Diana and Acteon. The goddess and her nymphs are not unworthy of observation, but the dogs of Acteon, all moulded from favourite hounds of Ferdinand I., and admirably executed, will attract the principal attention; they seem to live and move, and the astonishment at the transformation of his master in one of the most faithful of that most

faithful tribe, will not escape observation, even from a lover, who may have the object of his dearest attention dangling on his arm.

There is a road cut in distant steps which leads to the summit of this cascade ; the fatigue of the walk is light even on a hot day, in proportion to the pleasure to be experienced. From the highest point the view is magnificent ; but alas ! whilst the eye is enchanted, and for a time roams over the long expanse of country, it at last comes nearer home, and Caserta is robbed of its grandeur. It is here seen how narrow and contracted are the grounds—the whole distance from the palace to the fountain is but a narrow strip of land enclosed by walls, which the wooded scenery shuts out when you are on the level. The grounds about this huge palace are perfectly insignificant ; and although on either side the drives are winding, and the way is made the longest, by constant deviation, yet the whole is a small portion, and, as seen from the summit of the cascade, the limits are very restraint, the public road to the town of Caserta skirting the wall.

There is within the precincts of the royal domain, for that extends beyond the wall, a handsome building, standing on a slight emi-

nence, clean, neat, and orderly, and this merits the attention which is ever bestowed upon it. It is a silk manufactory, under royal patronage, and built by Ferdinand I., no doubt of blessed memory *here*, to provide a retreat and occupation for children who, I blush to say, very *considerably* resemble the royal family. There is much to merit remark in the colony; and here, without we are very much deceived, and the truth sadly garbled, Ferdinand I. was the father of his people. He has left his statue as a faint remembrance of himself. It must be well remembered that not the slightest tint of immorality has ever clouded the bright form of the present King, nor of his Queen; the domestic life of the one and the green inexpressibles of the other are patent—they are beyond contradiction or competition—they are singular and alone—they have no parallel in the civilized world.

This colony of royalty employed now in the elegant occupation of spinning and weaving silks and satins, velvets and plush, are remarkable as much for their government as their work. They have a charter of their own, conferred on them by the father of the infant state, by which they are exempt from

all interference, even of the absolute monarch himself; and this charter has been ratified by the present King. They form a complete republic in the strictest sense of the word, and admirably they conduct their affairs. Their President is elected from amongst themselves, and they have a Chamber of Deputies. Every thing is regularly voted; all are free, even outside their walls; they are a body corporate, with a good constitution.

I was very much struck with the order, cleanliness, activity, and contentment of the inmates of this establishment, which stands on royal grounds, and is yet exempt from the royalty; and it may safely be said, that if the Republic could be carried out on a larger scale, and act so beneficially as this, the sooner it is tried the better; but it would be difficult to give a dowry to all the girls of the Republic at large, such as is conferred in this Republic in miniature. It is a proof that even Neapolitans *can* govern themselves, under some circumstances.

His Majesty has a small palace at Naples on the Chiatamone, which is called a summer retreat, a bathing place; and this palace, insignificantly small and wretchedly placed, for

it is opposite the Crocelle, and consequently makes one side of the street, is generally made the residence of royal visitors. The bathing abode is more like a turtle crawl; and in the summer, when people generally bathe, this place must be so hot, as to set a place of perpetual penance at defiance.

His Majesty of Naples has placed his palaces generally in high commanding spots, but this is completely lost from the sea view; the eye would rest upon the Castello Ovo, or the high buildings on the Pizza Falcone, directly above the house, rather than on this small and inconvenient abode, which is unworthy of the designation of a royal palace.

CHAPTER III.

NAPLES—THE PRISONS.

Let it not be imagined, however, that the palaces are the most conspicuous edifices in Naples and its vicinities. It is true, the immense building in Naples, with its beautiful terrace, cannot be passed unobserved or unadmired, notwithstanding the excessive oversight and bad taste of having its lower apartments turned into coal-holes, or the distance between the palace and the sea occupied by artillery and exercising grounds, not to mention the hospital for sailors, and some grated windows, which look fearfully restrictive of liberty.

Quisisana, a long, straggling, badly-furnished palace, looks grand in the distance, towering over Castellamare. Heaven defend

me from inhabiting a palace which requires so much exertion to approach, and in hot weather!

From the summit of Vesuvius, or from any of the high points which command its view, Caserta appears in all the glory of its position and magnificence of its proportions, whilst Capodimonte seems destined to reign over Naples. Here, within a small range of distance, for the palace at Portici must not be omitted, are, within sight of each other, no less than six royal palaces. The King of Naples might be called the King of Palaces; but every medal has its reverse, and of what use would be the notes of a traveller, or the page of the historian, if only that which is laudatory, appeared in print? Let us change the view.

Arriving from Civita Vecchia and approaching Naples, the half sea-sick traveller, with his bile in sad commotion, cheers up and brightens up as he nears his journey's end. The close, confined cabin, the attendance of the requisite and officious steward, the everlasting basins, are all relinquished, and the prostrated human being grows into a man again, as he is told that the classic ground

of Cuma, the long-famed Cape of Misenium is in sight; the water, too, becomes smoother, the Mediterranean, so often boisterous and unruly, has become the "glassy mirror" in reality, beautifully blue, and clear as the purest crystal.

Arriving on deck, the balmy air refreshes the man a few hours ago fearless and unconcerned at all dangers, beaten into indifference by the giant of the waters, sea-sickness. It is very vulgar, it is very common; but not even Sir Richard Phillips, with his book of a thousand facts, ever recorded a greater one, than that sea-sickness does overpower all its victims, and renders them indifferent to danger. Sir Richard, I believe, suggested as a remedy, sitting across a chair as if on a horse, keeping your eyes aloft, and imitating the trot of the animal. A good pitch of a fast boat would capsize horse, horseman, and all, and send the rider to the steward; but our traveller is on deck now, reinvigorated, refreshed, and able to stand erect without the necessity of sea-legs.

"What land is this?" he asks, as he points to an island, on his right hand, "oh, how beautiful!"

It is Ischia, that island of beautiful wo-

men, vines, and figs; it appears cultivated to its very peak; its white houses dotted here and there, its sunny shores, its clean villages, give it the appearance of an earthly paradise. If you land, you might change your opinion a little, the roads are so bad. Steaming, for nobody sails now, along the shore, there is an elegant building, near which a new harbour is in construction—it is *one* of the king's palaces —he has plenty more. But what is that beautiful and romantic rock which juts into the sea, crowned with a castellated edifice; or rather, what is that castle which attracts universal notice — large, grand, gloomy — ay, gloomy enough?—*it is a prison*, and here are many—many, the justice of whose incarceration is doubtful; and here are dark, gloomy, damp vaults and caverns, some below the surface of the sea, where talent has pined into idiotcy, and where patriotism has lingered in chains. It is here where the groans of the captive are unheard, and where the rattling of chains alone breaks the silence. The roar of the waves and the howling of the wind are the fit music for this dreary, dreadful abode of incarceration, for crimes, for patriotism, for injustice.

But see that low island to the left, in all its verdure, what is that? It is Procida. There is again the jutting rock, again one edifice, which strikes the eye and rivets the attention; it is beautifully situated, it might be the residence of royalty, and the royal eye might be gratified by the view. No—*it is a prison;* it can rival that of Ischia in its tales of woe and wretchedness: the captive here, perhaps untried, uncondemned, unheard, has wasted out years and years of his life, and even been unconscious of his offence. We turn away in sorrow, and sweeping over Baja, the eye rests on the town of Pozzuole, leaving Cuma, with its wild and picturesque coast, on the left. Here is Monte Nuovo, the upstart mountain of a volcano, and there rises Monte Barbaro, abrupt and high, flanked by Monte Calvi, "the base of which was once washed by the waves of Port Julian." The whole view is surprisingly grand and interesting; but the beautiful lake of Avernus lies soft and tranquil, embosomed in the hills, and shut out from the sight.

The vessel is leaving far behind these scenes which arouse the memory of the beholder, and now is nearing another island, which appears linked to the point of the fine bold rock,

which juts into the sea, and forms the point of Posilipo. It is Nisida, united to the shore by the bridge of Lucullus ; the heights of the island are crowned by a white circular tower. It appears a fortification of immense strength, built to protect the vessels at its base, here, doomed to the sailor's greatest curse, quarantine. The white flag of the two Sicilies flutters gaily in the breeze, the port, the shipping, the saucer-shaped island, the castle, look gay and interesting. *The castle is a prison.*

We have rounded Posilipo, behold Naples ; glance your eye along the shore, where stands the little castle, which is the Villa Rocca Matilda ; and look at the desolate ruin of a palace, once the residence of Donna Anna Carafa, alas ! how changed. The inventive genius of the Neapolitan fishermen have corrupted the name into Giovanna, and thus have imagined strange stories of murder, rapes, and rapine, by Queen Joanna—such is history ! The palace is commonly called Queen Joanna's—it never belonged to her, or ever was inhabited by her, although a particular window, at which some marvellous execution occurred, ordered by the Queen, is pointed out. They have jum-

bled up her villa at Nisida and the murder of Sergianni Caracciolo, the favourite lover of the profligate Joanna II., who was assassinated in her sight. It is a fine old ruin; and, as the nobleman's vehicle degenerates into a hackney-coach, so this dark, gloomy, but grand palace, has sunk into a glass manufactory. It will be found in every print-shop in Naples, with, of course, a view of Vesuvius in eruption. There is the Villa Reale; and what is that castle which seems built upon the sea? It is the Castello D'Ovo; it is frivolous as a defence, although some honeycombed guns look out of the embrasures. *That castle is a prison.* Cast your eyes upwards, and admire the magnificence of St. Elmo. It was built by Robert the Wise, in 1343; it was constructed for a fortified palace. "Its enormous walls, with the counterscarp, and fosses cut in the solid tufa, and the mines, countermines, and subterranean passages with which it abounds,"* qualify it for its present use—*it is a prison.* What Blewit meant by saying "it is *no longer* capable of offering any effectual resistance to an attack by sea," I do not know; certainly no attack *from* the sea could injure it.

* Blewit.

We near the mole and the harbour for the men of war, there is another huge castellated building, often called the Bastile of Naples. Its exterior is formidable—its interior has one object worthy of inspection, the triumphal arch of Alfonso of Aragon; besides, its history is long, and of some interest; it has a church dedicated to Santa Barbara, and has a picture of great renown of the Adoration by Van Eyck; but it is of more value to royalty in its covered gallery, which communicates with the King's palace, and affords a safe retreat in popular tumults. Do you wish to hear more of it? *It is a prison.*

Look towards Del Carmine, *that* huge building *is a prison.* Beyond it, again—*it is a prison.* The Hall of Justice is *over a prison.* Even the Lottery, as if to point out the chances of life, *is over a prison.* They are numberless in Naples. The island of Ustica is one vast prison. It is enough, in Heaven's name; but, like Banquo's glass, we could show many, many more.

"We have no colonies," was remarked to me, "as you have, where we can send our prisoners." So they have colonized half the two Sicilies with these red and yellow-clothed

subjects of his Majesty. Wherever there is any very conspicuous building, if it is not either a church or one of his Majesty's palaces, you may rely upon it *it is a prison*. To fill these prisons, thousands and thousands must be their inmates; and as the Neapolitans are not murderers in legions, or thieves in multitudes, it is the political prisoners who are the most numerous; and political prisoners not tried and condemned, but arrested upon suspicion, and kept for months, nay, years, without a trial, or without a knowledge of their offence. Who dares in any public print to call the attention only of the authorities to such tyranny? No one who values his personal liberty; and how often are the authorities *bribed to "portare in avante"* a suit against an incarcerated victim, who, when he has well paid, is declared innocent, and released. He has no remedy for his ruin which his false imprisonment has caused; he is told to go, and think himself very fortunate there was not evidence enough to convict him.

With all this, the King is not unpopular; and many would shout "*Viva il ré*," without the reason given by the elderly lady to Philip the Cruel. This Philip was passing through

Seville, when he heard one voice cry "*Viva il rey*," and he desired the person to be brought to him. It was an old woman.

"What made you cry '*Viva il rey?*'" said the monarch.

"Please your Majesty," answered the old woman, "when your grandfather lived, his cruelties were so great, that I prayed God to take him, and he heard my prayer; then came your father, and he was worse, and I prayed again to God to take him; and again my prayer was heard. Then came your Majesty, a thousand-fold worse than either, and I pray God to preserve you; for if I prayed otherwise, and the prayer was heard, no one could succeed you but the devil."

It is said Philip made the old lady a present for her courage, and had her whipped for her impertinence.

CHAPTER IV.

SOCIETY IN NAPLES.

THERE is no place in all Italy where hospitality and attention shine brighter than in Naples. If you begin at the lower order of the people, you will remark an excessive kindness, a willingness to oblige, and the most perfect respect: you will never be insulted by a remark, or pushed or hustled in a mob, even in their greatest crushes, the procession of a favourite saint; or a crowd collected by a chance accident, saving the dexterity of the professional pickpocket, and the danger of migrating vermin, you have nothing to fear, you will never be insulted. The Neapolitans are a kind and a gentle people; nor do I attribute this to what I was once told, "excessive idleness, and the fear of exertion."

The lower classes love the grateful "dolce far niente;" and the best drawing of that, is the fachino in his own basket, a very common sight. He cuddles himself into his article for the conveyance of other commodities, and seems proof against the heat of the sun, or the sting of the insects.

In the higher classes of society, a great deal of the idleness of the lower classes may be found. Night is turned into day, and day into night; they are very late bed-goers, and very late risers. They kill life without its dying pangs. A studious, reading Neapolitan is a very uncommon creature; and when he is found, however fascinating he may be to society, he will not escape the vigilance of the police. A clever man is esteemed a very dangerous man in Naples. It is better to be a fool, a spy, and an idler.

The Neapolitan nobility are too poor to entertain much; they therefore club together, and the Accademia balls are the result. I question much if in all Europe there can be found more agreeable reunions than these balls, given every year by this association of noblemen and gentlemen. The royal family generally are present, and the king and queen oc-

casionally appear. There is not one thing omitted to render the society charming. The rooms are spacious, convenient, and numerous. There is always a profuse and liberal buffet; and the ices, in which the Neapolitans surpass all nations, are unrivalled. It is very far superior to Almack's; and the humble stranger, duly presented by his ambassador, may walk through these splendid and well-lighted apartments without meeting the sneer of those who wonder who the wretch is, or how he ever got there.

The Neapolitan resembles the French society; there is the same freedom, the same independence; every man admitted is presumed to be a gentleman, and is entitled, by his position in life, to be present, even where a king may be; and as no servant announces his name, he arrives among the numerous dukes, marquises, counts, and barons as great as any, especially since his title is unknown There is, of course, some very proper etiquette observed where royalty condescends to be; but it is not of that freezing order which chills the party into a cold formality—the dancing continues just as gaily as if his Majesty were at Caserta. I have never witnessed any assem-

bly of all classes (down to a certain point, where every thing was conducted with such liberality and excellence as in these Accademia balls. It is a great inducement to the young and the lively, in the heyday of youth and beauty, to resort to Naples; and there is a great advantage over a winter residence at Rome, since to some extent the visitor is certain of this agreeable society.

Owing to the three balls at the palace, and the Accademia balls, no other was given, excepting by the Prince St. Antimo, who threw open his splendid palace in the Largo Spirito Santo, and entertained as a nobleman of his fortune is ever able to do. The French Ambassador, Monsieur de Maupas, was the only diplomatist who received regularly every Wednesday evening, and every alternate Wednesday he gave a ball: in spite of his liberality, and his effort to make the French name courted and respected, intrigue was stronger than prudence, and this gentleman was suddenly recalled. From that moment the diplomatic entertainments died a violent death, and were not attempted to be resuscitated.

It was at the Prince St. Antimo's that I first was introduced to a "Jattatrice," or

"Lady of the Evil Eye." All nations have their follies and their fanaticisms, nor are we exempt in England from this absurdity. How often do we hear of a dreadful death, *because* thirteen sat down to dinner; what an unfortunate day is the thirteenth of every month; and who would undertake any journey, or sign any act of partnership for life in marriage on a Friday? I have known, and know, people who would neither start from one place nor arrive at their destination on a Friday. Schoolboys tremble on a black Monday, and grown-up children are more superstitious and more ridiculous in the apprehension of misfortune on a Friday. Sailors nail an old horse-shoe to the foremast for good luck, and abhor black cats; and I have actually seen, notwithstanding the march of intellect, a gentleman of a learned profession throw an old shoe, as the bride drove away, for future good fortune. Beware how you break a spider's web; and mind and throw salt over the left shoulder, should you spill any on the table. I have mentioned our own absurdities, in order that I may attack others more freely.

The "Lady of the Evil Eye" is past the heyday of youth, and Time has taken certain

liberties with her beauty, which, had he not been jealous, he might have left in all its former brilliancy; her eye, if the chroniclers of scandal do not err, has done fearful ravage to the hearts of many. She has now the satisfaction of knowing that every Neapolitan fears and dreads her eye; and she can revenge herself on this inconstant generation, by bringing down misery and ruin by the mere glance of that which once led princes captive.

Dumas has copied from an old work the means of knowing a Jattatore or Jattatrice; and when it is so fatal to make their acquaintance, it is as well to have their portraits. Any man with a hawk nose, very deeply sunk eyes, who squints and wears spectacles, is particularly to be avoided; and such a hideous Hecate of a woman had better be passed at a respectable distance, always carefully projecting the fore and little fingers, and doubling up the rest, as shown in all the coral shops of Naples, where *charms* are sold; indeed, even allowing the Jattatrice not to be so hideous, and consequently, not so formidable in the powers of mischief, it is as well to take all precautions, and keep the fingers as above described. When the devil is out,

there is no knowing what pranks he may play.

"Look," said my friend, as he pointed out this Jattatrice at St. Antimo's, "that is the celebrated ——, beware how you approach her, and mind the charm by which to avert the evil."

"You do not mean," I replied, "to insinuate that you believe in all this rubbish?"

"Rubbish or no rubbish," said my friend, with a start, as if he had sat down on a pin, "I do believe it, and so does *everybody* else."

"Festina lente," said I, "not everybody, for I do not believe in any such nonsense."

"Nonsense! listen to this—a few days back I dined with an acquaintance of yours, and the following occurred:—That Lady of the Evil Eye was invited to meet one of the royal family, who fell into partial disgrace at court, owing to the interference of the Bishop of Salerno. These bishops are always giving trouble, and this one took umbrage at some trifling affair of a young girl, of which much might be said. No sooner had the party sat down to dinner, than the host, at the first spoonful of soup, fell sick, became ill, and was obliged to go to bed. After dinner, the chandelier fell down,

that night the cat ate some favourite birds, and the dog killed some poultry; and look," said he, "look at Lady W., who had fallen down as the Jattatrice passed; and then as the awful lady came to see the waltzing, down fell Prince Luigi and his partner."

"These events came fast," I replied; "as for the dinner-party, a man who smokes like the host, must naturally have a weak stomach; and it is more probable that the screw which held the chandelier had rusted and broken, from time and service. I see nothing wonderful in a cat eating a fancy bird, or of a pet dog hunting anything. As for Lady W., if she had taken the trouble to look behind her, she would have seen her chair had been seized and removed by another; and that two waltzers, either from clumsiness or from the slippery floor, should fall, is no uncommon event. Introduce me to the Jattatrice, that's a good fellow, and let us see what she will make out of me."

"Not I, not I; find somebody else who hates you, to do you that service."

I went to a certain Marchesa, whose kindness was proverbial, whose hospitality unbounded. She believed in the Evil Eye, and

would not go near her; nay, she implored me not to run *such a risk.*

The fearful lady was standing by the fire-place when I approached her. I neither saw the hawk's nose, the sunken eyes, the squint, nor the spectacles; but I saw a very sharp, clever, intellectual-looking woman. By some trifling attention I managed to get into conversation, and in offering a chair, managed to touch her hand. "Now," said I, as I re-turned, "I ought to be up to my chin in ill-luck, and I will give it a chance by playing at whist. Strange as it may appear, these credulous people came to see me lose my money; but somehow or other, whether I made a favourable impression on the lady, or if unconsciously I did something to ward off the mischief, I know not, but I won every rubber, and had more *good luck* than I remember to have had for months before. This tumbling down of the chandelier seems a common occurrence; for Dumas, in his story of the Jattatore, has the same event.

We had plenty of table-turning, table-talking, prophecies by the mahogany, and other absurdities. I was astonished to find men intrusted with the respectability of different

nations, actually hard at work to get the devil in a table-drawer, and ask him questions.

"Ask his black majesty," said I, when it was affirmed he was near at hand, "how many silver pieces, or pieces of silver, I have in my pocket."

Up jumped the table upon one leg, carefully pressed upon by a certain very talented baroness, whilst the other three knocked very distinctly four times.

"You have four," said the baroness. I counted in carlini and piastres thirty-two.

The Jattatrice is not one jot more absurd than the table-turning, or the somnambulism of Alexis, or other cheats and swindlers.

"I saw," said a friend of mine to me, with evident distress, "that the Baron B. paid you a visit this morning, and that you received him."

"Why not?" I answered; "I have met him everywhere; from the palace to the street. I have seen him in the best society."

"Oh! certainly," replied my friend, "that I do not dispute; but you never saw him in my house; he is a known Jattatore."

The baron was just as different from the picture before given, as one man could be unlike another.

There is a lady residing at Naples, who told me, that she was obliged to forego the acquaintance of a person she very much esteemed, because he never came into her house without some misfortune occurring; and her friends assured her—and now she believes it—that he was a Jattatore. And there is a gentleman at Naples who seriously affirmed that the accidents which occurred to the Mongebello and Ercolano, and the reason why no dividend has ever been paid to the shareholders, were entirely, and only, owing to the Gerant of the society being a known Jattatore.

It is marvellous how many married ladies have, owing to an evil eye being present, either at, or after their marriage, quarrelled with their husbands, and been obliged to seek other society, and other protection; nobody in his senses would think of attributing this conduct to anything else—but an *evil* eye!

The general society of Naples is pleasant and agreeable; it has been the consequence of the revolution to consider the Neapolitans as badly educated; it is generally declared, that when the Chambers were assembled in

the few days of Neapolitan freedom, that they talked more nonsense than in the Assemblée National in Paris. This is quite a mistake; no set of men, educated or not, whether lawyers, commissioned officers, or serjeants, ever talked more nonsense than was talked in 1848, in the National Assembly; and the best proof of it is—their present government. It is the same as that of Naples—there is not a point to choose. It is no use the Catachismo Politico Morale declaring, that "La Podesta nasce non è fatta," it is quite clear the powers that be, were *made*—and not born; the reverend father who compiled this elementary education for all schools in the dominion of the Two Sicilies declares, that superstition exists in *others*, but *not* in the Catholic church; to allow the contrary would be, he asserts, "Dare un veleno al demente et un rasoio al maniaco." Here is an anecdote merely to prove that superstition *does* exist.

A very clever, amusing, and eccentric man took an apartment in Castellamare, having for an attendant a very sharp, active, little body of a maid. In the salon of this apartment there was a small figure of the Virgin, carefully imprisoned in a glass to keep the dust

off her shoes, and restrain her in her proper place. My friend was of a very inventive and creative genius, and always ready to make the most of any idea. One morning, the maid, as usual, brought in his coffee, and the devil having suggested some amusement, my friend said: "I must leave your apartment immediately."

"Why?" asked the servant.

"Because I am disturbed of a night, and cannot sleep; and it is all owing to this figure of the Virgin. At eleven o'clock she lifts off the glass case, gets down on the floor, and walks round and round the room with such a strange kind of light round her head, that I am afraid she will set fire to the bed; at daylight she walks up the mantle-piece, puts the glass over herself, and makes herself comfortable for the day."

"Jesu Maria!" said the maid, dropping the coffee, and making a bolt from the room.

"She's got a '*paura*,' and gone to be bled," said my friend to his wife, who asked the cause of the noise.

It is a common thing at Naples to get bled; if you thrash a man, he gets bled; if anybody tumbles down stairs, the whole house-

hold are alarmed, have what they call a "paura," and away they run to be bled; this will account for the immense number of signs of this art, in naked men or women being bled from the arms, the fingers, or the feet, which are to be seen in every street of Naples, to the great horror of those who order opera-dancers to wear green inexpressibles, and deface the statues by fig-leaves.

A calm of a short duration succeeded the smash of the cup and saucer, and the exit of the maid with the profane ejaculation, when a noise in the street excited some attention. It was merely what is very common in these parts, a kind of a procession of priests with a crucifix; but the procession stopped at the house, and the maid leading the way, ushered into the room the whole of the clergy, who came to hear evidence of the miracle, and to act accordingly.

On this solemn occasion, had the report been from a Catholic, it would have required much confirmation; not that I mean to say Catholics will tell more lies than their neighbours, but when the religious fervour is upon them they seldom see or hear correctly; they have a sacred mist before their eyes, and their

ears are dulled to all doubts; but here was a miracle plain enough, and attested by a heretic—or perhaps a pagan, or a person who had seen so much, that he believed very little. If he had declared the anecdote a mere invention to mystify the maid, he would have raised up all the ecclesiastics against him; so keeping a very steady countenance, he related what he had told the maid; and having abstained from the least smile, although, as he told me, he had the greatest inclination to burst into laughing—confirmed the miracle.

No sooner said than done; proper genuflexions, innumerable signs of the cross, raising of hands followed; the glass was lifted, the doll sprinkled with holy water, and a thousand prayers were offered up to this obambulatory Virgin. The priests retired, but the crowd increased; every soul came to beg the protection of this image, money was left to dress her more respectably, and presents were offered at her shrine. To get rid of this annoyance, and to render the saint more accessible, it was agreed that the holy lady should be removed to the ground floor, where she became a very valuable acquisition to her owner; so valuable, indeed, that the

church thought proper to possess her,—and there she is to this day, worshipped and remunerated.

When I was at Civita Vecchia, on May 19, 1854, there was a summons to all the inhabitants to attend on the following Monday, to hear evidence confirmatory of a picture of the Virgin having been seen to wink her eyes, placarded against the church-door; I read it myself.

CHAPTER V.

THE OPERA AT NAPLES.

ALTHOUGH the soirées of the Neapolitan salons are identical with those of France, such as ladies having particular nights to receive, when the company amuse themselves with cards, music, conversation, and retire without disturbing the hostess, or breaking up the party; yet, in spite of the ease and the elegance which constitute the great charms of such recreations, there is a drawback which throws a chill over the society—which renders it formal and restrictive, and which is one of the banes which Despotism chains to its subjects—*it is the presence of spies.*

This system of espionage, so common and so detestable in France, is carried on in Naples to a far greater extent, if possible. I say,

if *possible*, because it is a well-known fact, that if three Frenchmen enter into a political conversation, two of them will take care the prefect of police knows the opinions of all three; but the instinctive horror of such a worthless trade, keeps the trader of treachery careful that he is not known—he feels what a vile, poisonous reptile he is, and how justified every honest man would be in crushing him. This last spark of honour—since it is Honour in its last convulsion, that whispers the shame and the infamy to the dirty retailer of his *friends'* secrets and opinions, and makes him careful to cover his treachery from the sight of others, lest he should be detected and scouted —is disregarded in Naples. Here generals, holding high situations, although their previous lives in any other but this degrading country would have excluded them from all society, and left them to herd with their partners in fraud and villany, are received in every salon; and in some cases, more fostered by those of high birth of foreign countries, than their own. I was speaking with a Secretary of Legation, on a political point of some moment, when the war with Russia had just broken out; and instantly one of these de-

corated traitors came hovering round and round, getting gradually nearer and nearer.

"Do you know that man's occupation?" I asked.

"Perfectly," was the reply; "he is a known spy — il faut qu'il fasse son rapport—he is harmless to us, since we both know him."

I have met these mean, miserable, debased wretches, everywhere; and the only excuse which can be made for those who receive such dishonourable reptiles in their salons, is *fear;* if they were excluded, they would not hesitate to effect the ruin of those who had courage enough to scout them. To an Englishman they are harmless; their sting and their venom are against those upon whom, like harpies, they batten; you dare not dislodge them. Listen to the whispers from the heart of many honourable Neapolitans, and they will tell you of friends arrested and imprisoned, upon the assertion and report of those loathsome, detestable, mean, and cowardly backbiters; the whole vocabulary of a huge dictionary can never supply words sufficiently strong to execrate the whole race of spies; they are the offsprings of Tyranny—by Fear; it is only where Power knows itself to totter

on its throne, that such debasement of honour and society exists—where Freedom flourishes, this wretched weed is uprooted.

There is no country in Europe where the young unmarried woman suffers greater privation of liberty than in Naples. I know some who seldom leave their houses, excepting, like pet dogs, to be taken on the Strada Nova, far out, where the road turns the point of Posilipo, and there aired. I know some who have never yet walked in the Villa Reale; they are fattened at home for the matrimonial market, and are presented to their husbands, perhaps the first time they have seen them. The marriage is arranged without their knowledge, and they consent with the same satisfaction that a bird who is encaged, but the wings of which are not clipped, sees the door opened for an escape. It is not very strange, that in after-days, infidelity to the husband, and infelicity in life, should occur. As the slave is emancipated, so it rushes into the extreme of freedom; and kind and amiable, generous, liberal, and hospitable as the Neapolitans are, they are not exempt from the curse of their sex. It is marvellous how the whispers of scandal assail those whose stiff

and formal appearance seem to defy the malice of their best friend. If any author were to declare the society of Naples beyond reproach, he would rush into a strange error, either from wilful blindness, or from his own age or deformities. The young and the handsome will soon find their charms appreciated; and for the dull and the dotard, Naples will be a paradise of morality.

It is a pity the influence of the court can work but little good in this respect; there is a considerable folly in ordering all the statues in the Villa Reale to wear fig leaves, as it is absurd to make the graceful Taglioni pirouette in green inexpressibles. If her Majesty is resolved to amend the morals of her subjects, let her weed her invitation list, and her balls will not be overcrowded; let the police sweep the streets of panders to immorality and vice, and she will find more benefit from this, than from the *attractive* covering of a statue. I always imagine a loosely-draped Venus much more dangerous than what the elegant and classic Bell calls "a nude."

The opera of St. Carlos is not a bad arena in which to study the society of Naples. This magnificent theatre, which disputes the palm

of magnitude with the Scala of Milan, is execrably lighted—except, on one or two occasions, when 750 wax candles add their light to that of the solitary chandelier. Woe betide the occupants in the pit, if the evil eye should bring down that vast supporter of lamps!—they run a considerable risk, for I have sat by the side of Baron B., and seen the destructive lady often in the house. There is another tremendously fearful Jattatore, who I have seen there also, but the chandelier remains where it was.

It is a general custom to pay evening visits to your acquaintances in the opera, and it is a particularly agreeable custom for those to whom the payment of a ticket, small as the price is, is some consideration. There is no limit to the numbers who may enter a box; no one pays as he enters the house—no one asks where you are going—you may roam about from box to box, and tier to tier—but you cannot go into the pit without having paid. The boxes are all private property, as much as your house, and you may receive just as many as you like. On one evening I counted nineteen people, who came in to pay visits, hear some part of the opera, see some of the miser-

able dancing, and then walk and repeat the same visit to others, not one of whom had paid a carlino. This is a very great convenience, and gives an additional charm to Neapolitan society; at the opera you may make a round of visits, and manage, by some little tact, to see and hear the opera, gain a little approbation for politeness, walk to St. Carlo's, and walk home, and find your purse just as heavy as it was before.

There is a splendid box for his Majesty in the centre of the house; the crown over it is ridiculously large, and spoils the effect; this is very seldom used by his Majesty, not even on Shrove Sunday, when the masked balls are given at St. Carlo's; *that* failure was only equalled by the Carnival itself, for all the fun and frolic of the painted faces are over, the police may save themselves the trouble of covering the lamps in the Toledo, lest the shower of bon-bons should break them. On Thursday, 23d February, I find the following in my journal—"To-day is the grand day of the Carnival; the police have issued strict injunctions, that at four o'clock P.M. every man is to unmask, and precautions are taken to prevent accidents." Although I walked up

and down the Toledo for more than two hours, fixing my time from half-past one to four, *I did not see one mask in all Naples.*

On the night of the mask-ball, Shrove Sunday, St. Carlo's is well lighted, it is illuminated, and the effect from the stage is very fine; the characters were badly supported; it appeared a rush of a few pierrots up and down, hallooing and shouting, and, to add to the absurdity of the *ball*, no women danced; whatever little was done in that style, was done by men only; so that a bull quadrille, or bear waltz, for nothing else was allowed, was not very exciting.

When his Majesty entered the theatre, he appeared in the box destined for the royal family on the left side of the house; he was received exactly like a popular actor, by a clapping of hands; and when he came to the front of his box and bowed, the applause continued. I never remember to have seen anything much less royal than that exhibition; I did not hear one shout of "Viva il Ré," and the clapping of hands did not seem done "con molto amore." I ought to remark here, that a certain nobleman, much connected with the court, on my making the remark that the

reception was not such as I had witnessed in any other part of Europe, replied, "that he had been at St. Carlo's, and attended these balls, for more than fifty years, and that it was the first time any King had been so received." So that if it really meant approbation, or love of the Sovereign, or that the King well acted his part, must be left to others to decide.

At two o'clock their Majesties, accompanied by the rest of the Royal Family, and the especially honoured, amounting to forty, sat down to supper in full view of the assembled multitude, especially as to myself, for I was exactly opposite to him. There is no place in Europe where the pepper is better, and less adulterated, than in Naples; but this night I fear his Majesty's was much mingled with the dust, which formed a mist.

In almost every other box there was also a supper, and the scene in these was lively and agreeable enough; but amongst the mummers and the maskers, nothing could have surpassed the excessive dullness and dryness.

It is evident the days and glories of the Carnival are gone for ever, in Naples or in Paris; in the latter place, the masked balls are kept up with more cleverness, spirit and

animation; but as regards the masking in the street, the Carnival may be said to be defunct in both these capitals, and gradually declining even at Rome.

With the decline of the Carnival, the decline of music seems keeping even pace. When Rossini wrote his "Otello" for St. Carlo's, that theatre was the first in Europe; but lamentable, indeed, is the falling-off. The "Trovatore" of Verdi gave some little support to the dying agonies of the art of music; and had Verdi's opera been deferred, and "Marco Visconte" only played, the muse must have died outright of the noise and the discord. The Penco, the prima donna, good enough for Naples in its decline, chose this opera for her benefit; to have judged from the profusion of bouquets, of which Grisi, Sontag, or Malibran, in their best days, never had the half, on any success, which were literally showered upon this actress; to estimate the talent of the composer by the number of times he was summoned before the audience, a person unaccustomed to the singing of others, or the composition of greater masters, would have supposed the Signora Penco the greatest artiste, and Signor Petrella the greatest

composer in the universe. It took the Penco, by my watch, exactly thirteen minutes to pick up the bouquets, which the flattering audience obliged her to do herself; and the composer had to come forward and bow to the enraptured, but, I suspect, *packed* audience, eleven times!

Oh! shades of Mozart, Bellini, Rossini and others, how restless you must have been on that night of the 21st February, 1854.

There was in the same box with myself a certain Baron, whose age seems a mystery. Some wag said he had been a page to Louis XIV.!!—but he *had* been to Louis XV. In him life was far from extinct: he was at every party, every ball, and every representation at the opera. His conversation was lively and amusing. He had passed through strange scenes and chances, and had a memory wonderfully accurate. He remarked, "that, in all his experience, he had never seen such an ovation for such trash;" and "here," he said, "you see the true Neapolitan character, carried away by the slightest attraction, always bubbling and boiling, or stagnating and stinking." Perhaps the climate is to blame in this: it is naturally very exciting, but, in a sirocco,

dreadfully debilitating. The French participate much in this boiling and bubbling, and stagnation;—they are at any moment in the very clouds of excitement, or the ocean of despondency.

The Neapolitans have very little left them but a transitory amusement, and they are perfectly right to make the most of it. There is not a man in the country who can say where he may sleep the next night.

Society in Naples is upon very easy terms, and very enjoyable. No man has a right to go prowling about to detract from one beauty, or listen to the scandal against the other, if *Her* Majesty—so properly correct—so severely virtuous—so careful of the slightest impropriety or indecency—receives at her court these ladies;—and, remember, the Neapolitan court can exclude who it likes, for peeresses here have no rights and privileges. Such ladies are certainly without the pale of scandal's circle, and you may fearlessly dive into that animated and sparkling stream without loss of reputation. I am sorry, however, to say, that such taste have I imbibed from years of travelling, and associating with all sorts and conditions of people, that I very much

prefer the spirited and spiritual conversation of those who, perhaps, may have a slight rent in the garment of modesty, than that dreadfully-correct, prim kind of tea-and-bread-and-butter society, which considers a laugh as something indecorous, and cards as the books of the devil. I never thoroughly understood the meaning of the Blue Devils, until I was *once* entrapped in the solemn farce of spiritual conversation, by a few bishops in muslin. I believe they very properly excommunicated me, so I went to Rome, and was blessed by the Pope; and, in order to recover my spirits, went to San Carlino, at Naples.

Of all the curious places which have gained great and merited success, this little theatre stands pre-eminently conspicuous. Any large-sized room is nearly equal to the theatre in dimensions. Here are to be found the best performers in Naples: they imitate the manners of the lower classes to perfection. The "Mimica" of the ancients may be recognized in the signs and gestures which constitute so large a part of the unwritten language of the Neapolitan populace. In this theatre a licence is given to expression, which would soon, if practised in the saloon, obtain for the speaker

a very disagreeable interview with the Prefect of Police. The acts of the government are sometimes criticised and censured—a liberty which, in despotic but *civilized* France, is not permitted even in clubs, as may be proved by the circular of the president of the Grammont Club.*

In San Carlino, the acting is inimitable. I never remember to have had so much laughter, for so small a sum, as I had at this theatre, when the burlesque on Verdi's "Trovatore" was played. The last act, which in the original is excessively fine, was ridiculed so admirably, merely by the acting—for the music is retained as it was written—that many laughed themselves into tears; whilst the sharp arrows of wit and sarcasm flew about in all directions; and all but royalty—and that is very sacred, like the church—considerably lashed and scourged.

* On the 24th of February, 1854, the President of the Grammont Club, in Paris, informed the members that he had been sent for by the Minister of the Interior, who declared it was the intention of the government to close the club. "Si Messieurs les Membres n'apportaient la plus grands reserve dans les conversations. Ayant trait, *soit à la politiquc, soit aux actes du gouvernement.*"

In all times has popular licence made this theatre the vehicle of satire in the Neapolitan dialect, and permitted it a freedom unknown elsewhere. Capponi and others consider Punch, who is here the incarnation of wit, as a lineal representation of the Atellan farcers. To have the faintest idea of the real Neapolitan Pulcinella, this theatre, which is the resort of the highest and the lowest, must be visited. Punch, in the streets of Naples, is far inferior to that humpbacked gentleman in London or Paris. San Carlino is the only place in Naples where I saw people laugh and enjoy themselves as if they were free; and it must have been a great solace to hear the sound of merriment, instead of the eternal clanking of chains, which strikes the ear at every step; and many of the bearers of which are incarcerated within a stone's-throw of the theatre.

CHAPTER VI.

NAPLES ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

To understand a people, it is said, a long residence is required among them. It is true that, to examine each peculiarity, trace each custom, and remark each manner, a certain time is necessary; and the traveller who hastily pronounces an opinion, may be accused, and not without reason, of allowing his eyes and ears too great a latitude; but if, in any case, such opinion might be hazarded, it is on Christmas Day at Naples—or rather the day before Christmas Day.

The lower classes of the Neapolitans stand apart from all creation; they are a shade below the darkest negro in idleness and dirt, and life seems to have no other charms for them than in the sunshine of the Creator and the

macaroni of human invention; the toil for subsistence is languidly performed; and however much the music of "Masaniello," and the "jetez tes filets en silence," may, from the spirited air, give an imaginary energy to the fishermen, a walk along the Strada Nuova will soon dissipate the idea; and the observer will remark how languidly even the prey is sought, and with what indifference it is captured. The portico of every house, or the wall, well heated by the sun, will show the lazzaroni in their sublimest pleasure; and if in any one thing activity is observed, it will be in the maternal endeavour to check improper things from running in the heads of the children. Ah! here, indeed, is the agility of the monkey and the quick-sightedness of the spider displayed; whilst the infant thus secured against his enemy, falls into a delightful doze, and the whole scene is an exemplification of a very dirty way of being clean.

Again, let any one spend but half a day on the Chiaja, and he will believe that all Rag Fair has become suddenly endued with life; and in the degrading mass of animated rags, dignified as "women," see more wretchedness in contentment than all Tower Hill could dis-

play in a year. Here will be seen the dirtiest exhibition of children with uncombed heads and muddy faces, shoeless, stockingless, moving along, a covering of rags, which a chiffonneur in Paris would eye with alarm, before he plunged in his hook, and tossed it over his shoulder into his hotte. Of a truth, it does not require a long residence to be aware of filth; nor would it require the accurate nose of a dog to follow the creature who, by some cause, happens to be in the wind's-eye of you. The dirt of yesterday accumulates to-day, is never obliterated on the morrow; and to this may be added the serious charge of ingratitude to Providence, for when, as if to wash off their impurities, the rain descends in Neapolitan torrents, these ungrateful children of mud, instead of welcoming the shower which might purify them, slink into some hole, and carefully avoid the purification; but the streets cannot move, and thus Providence is not entirely baulked of the blessing it seeks to bestow.

This wholesale condemnation has its reverse, and that is in the life, soul, and animation shown by the youngest in gambling. It is no uncommon sight to see seven or eight children,

not one above the age of these numbers, seated in a circle, playing at moro for orange peel, with their little dirty fingers extended, as, with a shriek rather than a voice, they guess the number which the adversary expresses; and during a season of great want, when one of the three *f*'s * by which the King declared he governed his people, "*farina*" was very scarce, it was no uncommon sight to see boys rolling oranges along the mud, and gambling for this only remaining food, by the exhibition of skill in pushing the orange through a ring of iron fastened in the ground.

In this supreme moment of anxiety, even the propensity to beg seems forgotten, and the foreigner—for a lazzaroni never begs of a Neapolitan, excepting he is drunk—may walk ten paces without the extended hand meeting his eye, and the "per l'amore de Dio," his ear; but this is an escape only to be hoped for in the greater excitement of gambling; for, such is the inveterate habit, that, frequently, two beggars passing in different directions, from the sheer custom, extend their open palms to each other, and, in the most pathetic strain, ejaculate, "Per l'amor de Dio!" when a smile

* *Festa, Farina, Forca*—Fêtes, Corn, and the Gallows.

at the mistake is a proof of the profession, rather than the absolute want.

The 24th of December seems a general relache from all of the common usages of Neapolitan life, but begging—that continues—indeed, it is rather enhanced; for as another of the F's, the "festa," is about to beam its most benignant smile, the smallest donation may contribute to the enjoyment; but here the church has to pay some of its contributions. The beggars congregate as well as the congregation, but their out-door worship of mammon differs immensely from the gorgeous display within. In the Largo de Palazzo, an army of deformity and rags, assembled to welcome the archbishop who was to say mass; and as his carriage advanced, he performed more real miracles than did Saint Francisco, Saint Anthony, or the darling Saint, Januarius—the blind received their sight, and kept clear of the carriage wheels, as they ran along by its side; the lame still limped, but they ran well; deformities became straight; the old seemed endued with youth, and the decrepit wretch left his assistant child and kept pace with the reinvigorated cripple—but this was a mere skirmish.

The archbishop desired his servant to give *one* piece of money, or, perhaps, several pieces, which was to be equally divided. This stratagem at once released him from the legion of Lazarus's; and a fight, such as might have moved the Pegasus of another Marmion, occurred. Each endeavoured to obtain the money, in order, no doubt, (for honesty is with all men, especially Cardinals and Spanish Ministers,) to distribute it fairly and honourably. A young girl of about seventeen had made a desperate snatch at the servant's hand, and acquired the possession; and in her wish the better to conceal and to secure it, placed it under her rag, which common parlance would denominate a gown. Instantly she was surrounded; one seized her outer garment, which required no great exertion to make it yield; another cripple flourished a crutch; whilst one desperate lover of coin seized her by the throat, and accused her, in the best Neapolitan, of being a brigand.

Young in years, she was not deficient in strength or stratagem, neither had she a weak voice—she resisted, screamed, shouted, kicked, until she liberated herself, and then, with the cleverness of her sex and her calling, she threw

some of the pieces in the air, and indignantly declaring she would not consent to share with such dishonest neighbours, made off. The ruse succeeded—the blind were the most active and saw best, the lame kicked their neighbours, the paralysed were in ecstacies; and, in the general scramble, the animated rag of seventeen ran away, screaming "she had been robbed," but keeping something well clutched in her hands. The archbishop thus got safe into church, leaving his enemies to await his departure, which they did, and the real capturer of the prize got unmolested away to count her gains in security. It was only one scene of a hundred, but such scenic performances allow the beholder some respite. I should imagine a traveller the very worst of all musical proficients, who could not sing "Per l'amor de Dio!" in every key which the science has invented.

Prior to the 24th, considerable depredations are committed on the trees; and donkeys, laden with boughs, are seen to move along the Chiaja; when it is said, "*seen*," the truth may be doubted, for the poor brute is so heavily laden, and so completely enveloped in the foliage, that it looks more like Burnam Wood

in motion than a jackass. But by degrees the separate stolen boughs are sold, and then the gentle animal is seen gradually emerging from its obscurity, until its long ears and a bray announce it free, and ready to be the bearer of more plunder; a heavy blow on the crupper, and the universal "Heuh!" is the signal for changing positions, and away goes the donkey for another load.

There is a great consolation for travellers in these parts, and which is suggested in all humility, that however difficult he will find it to make himself understood, or to understand the natives, even if he has been raised, as our American friends say, either in Florence or Rome; and he may know, or have heard, of the Lingua Toscana, in Bocca Romana, he can in half a minute master the language of the animal creation. Anybody, nay, the veriest English lout that ever waded through the fens of Essex, could, in that small moment of existence, acquire sufficient intelligence, and convey his wish to every donkey, horse, bullock, buffalo, or goat, which might invade the streets of Naples. This universal "Heah!" or sometimes "Heuh!" according to the age and thorax of the driver, will move forward even a

vetturino's horses. Children are seen by this one intonation—for it cannot be called a word —managing herds of goats; and even the refractory, stubborn donkey, when the sound reaches his long ears, moves forward at once, knowing that the sound is the prelude to an act, which, to human beings, is the most humiliating.

The coricolo driver finds the sound more useful than the whip; and when both are inflicted together, the animal is roused to exertion from the perfect knowledge of the emergency of the case. Even the drivers of more elegant equipages have recourse to the never-failing admonition, which, from the throat of a strong man, would perform the almost incredible miracle of making hackney-coach horses trot. Therefore, as activity is active—as far as Neapolitan activity can be active—shortly after daylight, on the Chiaja, a recumbent philosopher might estimate nearly to a certainty, the number of drivers who pass under his windows, in his feverish sleeplessness, in an hour. The whole of the Vico Spadato, and the other low miserable lanes, pour forth their thousands. The eternal "Heah!" "Heuh!" "Herh!" with the tink-

ling of bells, will announce the arrival of the goats driven into Naples to be milked; and the heavier-sounding bells the cows.

The inhabitants are fully aware of the "pour on, I can endure," of a man, with a half-filled milk-pail and a water-spout; and the London sky blue is avoided here, by the precaution of milking the cows in the different court-yards. Then follows the lustier "Aerh!" "Herh!" and the donkeys are seen—some laden almost to the impossibility of proceeding—some with apples, some with long wood —but happy is that animal who has vegetables on his back; for, from the moment of entering the city by the Margellina, every step lightens his load. The Chiaja becomes a moving mass of human and animal nature—the shouts of the drivers—the eternal bellowing of the vendors—the shrill voices of the children, screaming for the bare-footed Rosina, or the stockingless Marianina—the hoarse sounds of the gamblers at their moro—or the boys, with their oranges, wasting life in endeavouring to roll the fruit in the centre aperture of a sink in the street—the summons to respect and genuflexion, as the double bells announce the priest with his ten associates,

bearing lighted lanterns, and repeating prayers as he wends his way to the abode of some dying wretch; the sudden stop of all vehicles —the silent and reverend bowing, as the host passes—all unite to strike the stranger with the utmost astonishment. Even the gamblers become dumb, and the eager urchin ceases to fan the orange to its destination.

The host passed, the tumult appears to be greater from the preceding silence, as a flash of lightning leaves the world in greater darkness; to aid this unearthly hubbub, not to be witnessed elsewhere, the noise of fireworks, small cannon, crackers, and other inventions, add not a little to the noise and tumult. Even the common salutation of the day appears more of a preliminary of a battle, and the excessive gesticulation of the people would warrant the apprehension of the beginning of real hostilities. In the midst of this scene of confusion and riot, a coricolo dashes by, regardless of the cruelty to animals, or the chance of extermination to a native. Here is seen one poor emaciated horse—perhaps bought for the value only of his skin, and of which the purchaser is sure, whatever befalls the brute—dragging, independently of the coricolo, six-

teen people — three jammed into the body, which is that of an English gig, without the hood—perhaps three soldiers will occupy the shafts behind, on a board, capable, by ingenuity, of affording standing room for four others—the driver will balance himself on the step, or, like another Ariel, seems supported in the air, for it requires a penetrating eye to see where his foot rests—below is a large net, in which luggage for a diligence is unmercifully placed, and as unmercifully shaken; and this load is conveyed at a quick trot, not unfrequently a gallop, along the Chiaja, whilst the sixteen fares—and often many of the sixteen are fair—shout and laugh, and gesticulate. Now and then the purer Italian of "avanti!—avanti!" is heard, as a warning to the pedestrian in advance—and a file of soldiers with music increases the discord.

Believe not that the street is destined alone for the passengers; the way is disputed by the washerwomen; here there is no line of demarcation to which this cleanser of foul rags can go, and no farther; they stick their supporters to their lines any where, any how, and dangle upon the ropes the most beggarly remnants of tatterdemalion garments that ever

met the eye, or offended the nose. It is a marvel how these rags are ever washed without their falling into shreds, or how the fortunate owner ever appropriates them to their natural use,—the care of the one, and the ingenuity of the other, are beyond all praise. This exhibition of rags is confined to the further extremity of the Chiaja and the Mergellina. Every window has the flags of abomination; and the whole of this part of Naples, if Naples can be considered to extend so far (the Octroi is much farther), having the finest view of Vesuvius and the wide extent of sea, is the most grovelling abode of poverty and nakedness to be found in any city of the world.

Where the washing ceases, the shops begin; that is, shops placed in the Chiaja the day before, mere stalls of uprights and boards, adorned, however, by the stolen branches before referred to, and offering to the public every species of comestible common to the common herd; fish, steaks of meat, fruits, garlic, vegetables, are all crowded together, and the pedestrian walks in about the dirtiest street that can be well imagined. There is a man appointed by the government to super-

intend the cleansing of the thoroughfares; this man has a name, but no one ever saw him at his proper avocation. The government, who parade their malefactors through Naples, those in red wearing chains, and those in yellow only yoked like beasts of burthen, might turn them to a more degrading account by making them sweep the streets during the heavy rains, and they would thus be made useful to that society they had outraged, and perhaps not require a soldier to guard each man; three armed men might take care of thirty in chains and armed with besoms.

In spite of the stalls, the rags, and the donkeys, the Çhiaja, making the termination of the street at the angle of the Count of Syracuse's Palace, might thus be made the cleanest and the handsomest street in Europe.

About eight o'clock the streets are crowded; the 24th of December is a grand fast, to be superseded by a grand *fête*, when the day is passed; crowds come from all parts; the coricolos are crammed; the carts, to which two dapper donkeys or one horse and an ass are harnessed, heavier waggons, with bullocks attached, carriages, and cabs, are all full of human beings. The poor patient brutes of

donkeys, when not employed to draw, have to carry; and whether laden or not with fruits or vegetables, have on their backs one, and sometimes two people, who in reality appear more fitted to carry the animal than the animal them; but such is the perversity of laziness, that it would rather break the back of its own fortune, than endeavour to save it by exertion or prudence. A Neapolitan as fat as Lambert does not hesitate to dangle his lazy legs over the side of the most willing and hard-serving of animals, and in the most relentless tones of "Heah! Heuh!" urges on the poor brute, almost vanquished by its excessive weight.

Change we to the Largo St. Catarina, which is but a few steps from the Largo Santa Maria a Cappello; this Largo Santa Catarina is a small, very small, square, scarely worthy of the dignity of the name; but here, on the 24th of December, appears the principal market. It is here that in all the streets, even as narrow as the Gradone di Chiaja, the right of walking is disputed by the right of selling, and a person without cotton in his ears has a good chance of being deafened for life. In this heterogeneous assemblage of boxes, fish-

baskets, casks, cabbages, figs, oranges, poultry, and all sorts and conditions of eatables, with laden donkeys, trucks, coricolos, cabs, priests, and wax-candles, there did not appear the slightest regularity; everybody seemed to have pitched his booth and stopped his donkey as it seemed best to him, without any regard to the foot-passengers or the carriages, the last of which had to set shrieks and shouts at defiance, and move forward to clear the opposition.

There appears a strange custom in most countries, of devouring some creature in remembrance of a blessing. Turkeys in England fare badly at Christmas; in Naples, eels are the victims; and when a people become so superstitious as to believe in the evil eye, they may well be pardoned for their credence in the good luck of the eel. If any one does not eat eel on Christmas-night or Christmas-day, the ill luck of the black gentleman will attend him throughout the year, therefore thousands of these water-snakes are seen in baskets and tubs, and scarcely a soul passes without one or two of the reptiles dangling, twisting, and twirling from the string by which they are conveyed. Those in better circum-

stances attach much importance to the poultry genus; and the poor fowls are borne away with their heads downwards, by those in decent circumstances, or by the purveyors of the higher classes. Ducks and geese are seldom eaten by the aristocracy; and rabbits are carefully avoided, as they are considered near relatives of cats. There appears no superstition to favour the lives of the above-named; they are considered as coarse food, and only to be consumed by those who cannot purchase better; and however much eels, chickens, macaroni, figs, oranges, and other comestibles may be exhibited and vaunted in the shouts of the sellers in the Largo St. Catarina, not a duck or a goose is to be victimised there.

Throughout all the old town of Naples, and even encroaching on the pride of the pick-pockets and the Neapolitans, the Strada Toledo, are shops set out in the highways, markets at every corner, stolen trees or branches, with rags dangling to them at every booth, with the sure accompaniment of the strange exhibition in a market of a fire-work shop. It is strange that in a country where an explosion might be expected every day, the government should sanction the public sale

of fire-works, and allow them to be used at any time in the public streets, hurled from the windows of the houses, or exploded in the centre of the streets, to the no small consternation of the timid, to the imminent danger of female dresses, and of the rash horseman who ventures near the boys, or the carriage which drawls at a foot-pace through the mob. Every brat who can beg, borrow, or steal a few tornesi or grani, spends it in fire-works or the lottery, and the whole city, from the time the night begins, seems one eternal fizz and repetition of detonations, which might very easily be mistaken for single firing of a regiment of the line; whilst between the common pops of the squibs and crackers, the louder kind of artillery noise of the *maschi*, which is exploded by a fuse (and is sometimes a mass of powder enveloped in twine, and resembling exactly a ball of whipcord as sold in England), shakes the windows in the vicinity.

The traveller having been assailed with the shrieks and cries in the Chiaja, where the open space allows free vent to the voices and the fire-works, arrives at the Largo St. Catarina, and in a moment he is in the midst of

bags, baskets, tubs, and donkeys before mentioned. Here, with stentorian lungs, roars the fisherman, his scales in his hand, and his basket of eels and other fish at his feet, in the purest Neapolitan, "Il capitone fische a 36 ran u ruotolo, i che bella cosa 36 ran u ruotolo, 36 ran u ruotolo!" which in Italian means, "Il capitone fresco a 36 grano il rotolo, o che bella cosa."

"I purtual i zucchere quatt a gra, novecalle a nu tornese," shouts the vendor of oranges, and shout he might in vain, if the oranges themselves did not attest his sale, for who with ears accustomed to the Lingua Toscana in Bocca Romana, would ever imagine the above jargon to mean, "I portugalli dolci quattro a grana, nove calli, e un tornese?"

Bang goes a fire-work under the feet; here a donkey brays. Harh! harh! smack goes the whip. "I che zeppoli chien i zogu e pepe!"* roars the Zeppolainolo, who with his table and cakes, and with the host of boys who bet upon their respective address to divide the cakes exactly in half, and who have to pay if they do not succeed, occupies a decent space.

* "O che zeppole piene di zugna e pepe."

"Che bel sorbetto," cries the sorbettiere, who holds out the tempting ice in a kind of egg-cup, and ensconced in a corner, has his ice-pail and bucket in security. Hark to the shriller sound of the woman who strives to be heard amidst the storm, and succeeds, her fish by her side, and she seated, wet as the place may be, "Pollanchè, Pollanchè, i che belle Pollanchè." * Crack, crack, fizz, fizz, bomb, bomb, "Avante, avante per l'amor di Dio, scupill e scopa,† sapo, saponar."‡ A hurly-burly tempest of words, a squabble, fierce gesticulations shout, out shouting the shout, a shrill shriek, and there is but a faint outline of this market.

But here also is superstition. The eels and the fowls may feed the stomach and amuse the palate, but look at that burly "friar of orders grey;" in his hands are a mass of paper saints, the most villanous of all villanous printing: it is a wonder each saint does not rise with indignation from his grave and threaten his votary with utter abandonment for buying

* "Spighe spighe o che belle Spighe."

† Scupilli e scope, "brooms and brushes."

‡ Sapone, saponare; this man collects old rags, for which he gives either money or lupins.

such a caricature, and thus perpetuating the Guy. Here is every saint of every country. St. Carlo Borromeo, although his face is towards Arona; St. Francisco, St. Anthony, St. Gennaar, as the Neapolitans call their patron, St. Januarius; St. Gaetano, whose silver statue was stolen by a driver of a fiacre, and the tribe of Jehu to this day feel more insulted if their fares swear by that saint than if they were denied the price demanded; the Virgin, of course; St. Spiridion, who walked across from Smyrna to Corfu, and is now in a glass case carefully preserved and twisted up and down like Carlo Borromeo, in the cathedral at Milan; St. Raymond, bedded on his cloak and pillowed by the ocean, swimming across the Mediterranean; St. Xavier, with his wine and water bucket (according to the belief of Newman), and every other saint in the calendar. These saints are bought and hung up to the stolen trees; some are placed in fish-baskets, some pinned to the vendor; and whenever any goods are disposed of, and the purchaser of course cheated, the saint is either touched, kissed, or thanked.

The most curious of all these religious sales, are those made to the beggars; and the

beggars pay as well as the retailer of fish, flesh, or fowl. The saint, duly selected according to the fancy of the beggar—for no saint would consent solely and individually to be the protector of such a set of rags and tatters, or dirt and vermin, as distinguish the Neapolitan metropolis, with its extension through the whole length and breadth of the kingdom; —the saint, bought and paid for, is deposited, face upwards, in the hat, cap, or sack, which after the day's work covers the head of the mendicant; both hands are now extended to every passer-by indiscriminately; the poor miserable drudge of a girl, without shoes or stockings, is solicited; but this may be from the inveterate habit of repeating the word, "Carità," at the sound of any footsteps—but when an eccellenza passes—and what ragamuffin is not an eccellenza in Naples? and a liberal grana or tornese is bestowed, the grateful beggar, not to the donor, but to the saint, puts his finger on the face of the print, and kisses the finger so honoured. It is a strange sight, and may be seen to the greatest advantage in the Largo de Spirito Santo, in the Toledo.

In Africa, when the savages go a journey,

undertake a war, or are fresh for robbery, they hang a piece of rag to the Mumbo Jumbo tree, and say a prayer to the fancied protector; the manners and customs of these uncivilized people in Naples closely resemble, in this instance, the ignorance and barbarism of the negroes.

The scene described in the Largo Saint Catarina is to be found in almost all the streets of the old town—and is in all its glory along the Strada Nuova, which skirts the bay in the eastern direction; for in Naples, as in London, the west end is the fashionable abode. Imagination fails, and description is impossible, to pourtray the confusion when, in the midst of the noise and bustle, passes a herd of goats with their tinkling, or half-a-dozen cows and calves with larger and deeper-toned bells; the patience and ingenuity of the herd, to force through the crowd, urged on by the eternal "Harh!" (which is only an offshoot of the before-mentioned Heugh! and is equally intelligible to horse, mule, ass or cow), is quite extraordinary—not all the maschis, squibs, or crackers, which fizz, crack, or explode every second, turn the sagacious animal from its course, and at the respective home of each, it needs no direct-

ing voice to warn the wearied creature of its haven—the last straggling remnant tinkle along the Chiaja, and get housed in the Mergellina.

By sunset the temporary erected stalls have somewhat diminished, the fast of the day has been religiously kept, and the feast of the evening is to succeed. It is now that the patron saint of the fireworks, Saint Blaise, has due respect paid to her, in the incessant salutes to her honour; from hundreds of windows come squibs and crackers, whilst a sudden streak of fire gives warning that the louder maschi is about to explode. If Naples was in the midst of a revolution, such as burst in Paris on the 24th of February, 1848, a more continual noise of explosions could not be heard.

But the great scene is yet to take place. The actual birth of the Saviour, midnight mass, with the churches splendidly illuminated and decorated, is to be performed—and to this exhibition many thousands crowd. It is very difficult to select the best church for this ceremony; in some will be found an imitation of a fanciful stable, much more resembling a kind of Ali Baba cavern, excepting

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that a score of angels are flying over it, and a dozen seem to guard the entrance. The angels are excessively ugly and very badly clothed, made of wax, and have mostly snub noses. In the interior are some wax figures of the wise men—they are represented kneeling; nearer the entrance, a cow or a horse, for it is very difficult, notwithstanding the horns, to make out the animal—but a pig, although in wax, was more evident.

Standing at a becoming distance, is seen the Virgin. Sometimes the dress of this doll is sparkling in tinsel and stars, but with very little regard as to any fashion since Eve walked out of Paradise. In the Virgin's arms is the "Bambino Gesu," and how any wise man, even in wax, could worship such a figure, is beyond conception; but around this cavern will be seen thousands of votaries, coming in crowds, like wave succeeding wave, crossing themselves at every second, and muttering their prayers aloud. A Neapolitan thinks aloud, and confesses aloud, so that his Majesty's spies are better informed of the thoughts, intentions, and crimes of the populace than in other countries.

In some churches the exhibition of the

birth takes place in a more particular manner, and the Bambino, always a wax Bambino, is held in the arms of the priest after the interesting event, and offered to public notice.

There is nothing that will strike the observant stranger more forcibly than the great respect paid to any religious ceremony or procession in the streets, and the extreme indifference in a church; when the Host parades the town, or the priest is on his way to shrive some poor sinner, and to administer extreme unction, nothing can surpass the outward signs of respect and devotion of all. The two bell-bearers, dressed in red, striped with yellow, walk in front and give notice of the approach. This ringing is performed in a theatrical manner: each man has two bells, which are held upright, and then thrown forward, making a loud sound; the wrists are then turned inwards, and the handles of the bells brought in contact with each other, producing another ring, when there is a da capo of the first part.

After these bell-bearers, called clacque, come eight lamp-bearers, four or five on each side, and about two yards apart; these lamps

are the exact resemblance of carriage-lamps mounted on a footman's stick, and lighted; —about abreast of, and between the fourth pair of lamp bearers from the bell-ringers, there is a man, who bears a velvet throne, and follows the censer—then comes the priest, who covers the sacred elements most carefully in the lappets of his dress; by his side walk two men with lamps, behind him two who hold a kind of Chinese umbrella over his head, and the rear is invariably brought up by two soldiers with fixed bayonets. As the priest advances he prays, and the responses are made by the lamp-bearers and all concerned, but the soldiers. It is very common, for soldiers are plentiful in Naples, although Naples is called the most faithful city, and has only revolted thirty-eight times, that this procession should meet a division, or a part and parcel of his Majesty's armed force—the officer immediately halts his men, and fronts them to the passing ceremony; the soldiers take *off their hats!* and most devoutly kneel down, wet or dry, mud or dust. The bell-ringers, when the priest is in front of the line, stop—the priest faces the soldiers, the sacred elements are exhibited, the incense is thrown

up, a prayer is said, the bell-ringers ring furiously, the respect is paid, the elements covered, and when the priest is passed, the armed force continue their way. Now when this ceremony is going on, every carriage, cart, horse, man, woman, and child stop; the men, women, and children on foot kneel, those in carriages are uncovered, and every one lowly and devoutly bows, and this not only whilst the ceremony above described is going forward, but throughout the whole distance that the sacred elements are carried. In the worst weather, with the streets in the dirtiest condition, although some who have more regard for their trowsers than their souls, may bolt up an alley, or hide behind a door, yet many will be found to kneel down on both knees, and holding their hats before their breast, reverently and religiously bow their heads.

The birth of the Saviour must be a more important ceremony than the one just mentioned, or of any of those which Forsyth says, "would frighten a war-horse;" but observe the difference of respect. The churches, —take the cathedral, but all are illuminated— are lighted by a hundred chandeliers, much

more like a ball-room than a sober, religious place of worship.

The front rows are occupied by the first comers, and approach very near the stage-lamps; behind these, plenty of all sorts and conditions of people, stand, talk, move about, spit, or rob; the ceremony is to them the least part of the amusement. Frequently, even priests are seen enjoying by no means a whispering conversation; children rush between your legs, and bolt about with most irreligious unconcern; here, a burly fellow spits upon the floor, disregarding it as the temple in which, in a few minutes, according to his belief, the Saviour in person is to appear, and his true flesh and blood to be eaten; there trots an anxious dog, in search of his master, sniffing at some who are most devout and religious, and on their knees; or smelling at those whose perfume belongs not to its owner. Any dog might recognise his Neapolitan master, for such are the multitudinous odours of the lower classes, that a sagacious animal would foot him round the world. The ocean itself would not cleanse the one, or baffle the other; in the bathing season, some who still boast the possession of a Lucullus or

Vitellius palate, declare the fish tainted; it is, of course, a fancy, but dirt makes the cleanly very fanciful.

People enter the church, cross themselves, kneel down, sometimes in real, fervent devotion; others go through the same mechanical arrangements, their eyes wandering, their lips muttering their prayer, a memorial exercise; some select one saint, some the other; the Virgin disputes the palm with St. Gennaar, the patron of Naples, he who arrested the lava in its desolation, and raised his marble arm on the bridge of the Madelina.

"*Great* was Diana of the Ephesians," but greater, although his statue has been thrown into the sea, and only saved by a fisherman, is St. Januarius of Naples.

The service commences; it is a scenic performance, in which hands are raised, bosoms crossed, reverence paid. The organ, with its solemn tones, reverberates through the splendid cathedral, and human voices but indifferently harmonised, awaken the attention of the most inattentive, the pickpocket alone excepted; the solemn-pealing organ, and the heartfelt devotion, are his summons to begin and be expert; he struggles with anxious eyes

to get nearer to the officiating priests; his hand ascertains the retreat of that vulgar useful appendage a pocket-handkerchief; the flashing lights, the gorgeous scene, the moving notes, the swelling harmony, are all his friends. The unconscious traveller, whose wandering eyes and senses are attracted by the really magnificent exhibition, is lost in wonder and admiration, and he is released of that, which, if perfumed, might be of essential service.

In the meantime, the religious ceremony continues. The incense envelopes in smoke the holy priests, and curls its perfume volumes over the altar, the bell announces the moment when the Divinity itself is to be enshrined in a star made by human hands, the whole congregation kneel in solemn silence, the Host is raised, the bell continues its jingle, and none but a foreigner is seen erect.

It is done—the divinity has been again confined in its golden shrine, and now the birth of the Saviour is to be performed. It is a comedy, there is nothing to awe the mind or to elevate it, but much to shock it, from the ridicule it occasions. The Virgin mother's dress is the subject of criticisms; the child is a doll; the whole congregation bustle about

as if Polichenelle was in his best humour; the stable is surrounded by lights, and the angels sparkle with the brilliancy; people come and go, laugh, make remarks, cross themselves, and retire. The Nativity is consummated, and about the ugliest virgin, and ugliest child, are offered for adoration and admiration; the whole concern finishes with a profusion of fire-works in all parts of the town, and from many windows there is a hubbub of crackers, a roar of maschis, a fizz of squibs, with now and then a Roman candle, certainly the most emblematic of the whole. Naples at last sinks into a quiescent state, the ceremonies are concluded, and the feasting may begin.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LOTTERY.

THERE are few sights more interesting to the traveller, than those which are demoralising in their results. There is not a child from the nursery, or a fine lady from her boudoir, who does not rave in ecstacies on the picturesque appearance of the lazzaroni, who in all idleness sprawl in the sun near the houses on the Chiaja. Idleness is the mother of Vice, and vice demoralizes.

The streets of Naples have almost every one of them a lottery office—it requires three or four men in each to attend to the numerous votaries of fortune; the most common observers will not fail to remark the gambling propensities of the Neapolitans; no sooner are

the boys awake, than they commence their operations. If there is a snug portal, you will find five or six dirty savages, with dirtier cards, whilst the juveniles even descend to nuts to pitch into a hole, and with the few grani they have, endeavour to gain more for the lottery. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the great and the small, all gamble in the lottery.

In commenting upon the demoralization which inevitably followed this governmental inducement to theft and other crimes, committed by hands, and of debauchery and vice so common in Naples, the defence of the lottery was undertaken by a judge, whose laboured imbecility in a work, entitled, "I Doveri Sociali," would not entitle his opinion to any respect, although he is a judge, and has had cleverness enough to amass a sufficient fortune even to roll in his *own* carriage. "The lottery," said the judge, "brings in a great revenue to the king." The judge never spoke of the government, or the nation, he spoke only of the king; besides, the judge has a decoration from the pope, and one or two from the object of his adoration, the king.

Out of a revenue of £4,604,868, the lottery yields £222,815, a very considerable sum, when it is remembered that the customs only return £733,333. This sum is contributed by every lazzaroni who can afford three grains; even the beggars in the streets are frequently seen, when under the lie of "io moro de fame," they have awakened the charity of those they so sedulously importune, to rush to the lottery-office; and on the Saturday (as the lottery is drawn every Saturday), it is not an uninstructive lesson on the necessity of disbelief, to see these very beggars, some really cripples, some half-blind, but who have solicited charity as perfectly dark, the lame, the halt, the deaf, all suddenly restored to partial health, and by no means starving, rushing to exchange the little dirty piece of paper given at the first payment, for the still dirtier stamped acknowledgment of the government. It is a sight at once instructive and amusing; it will convince the most generous how badly he has bestowed his money, and that the charity demanded, upon the plea of starvation, was false and deceptive. On the other hand, the philanthropist will be amused at

the sudden recovery to health of the halt, the lame, and the blind.

The argument maintained by the judge was this—"that the lottery was a good and excellent institution, inasmuch as it was not a compulsory, but a *voluntary* tax, and that the king gained thereby, for the good of his subjects, £222,815." To this it was responded, that, according to that line of argument, almost all taxes were voluntary; for instance, tobacco yielded £177,333—no one was forced to chew, or to smoke. Again, on playing-cards, a revenue of £2,833 was collected; game licenses, gunpowder, ice and snow, all contributed largely to the revenue; and yet no one was forced to shoot snipes or woodcocks; to indulge in sorbettos or gelados; or to buy squibs and crackers. That so far, the word voluntary was applicable to almost all taxation, as no one forced any one to buy an estate and pay the land-tax, which is 25 per cent.; nor was it necessary to eat luxuries, all of which contributed to the income of the State. Then, as to the temptation to steal, cheat, lie, and be debauched, the judge saw no harm in this; for he gravely asserted, if there were no crime,

there would be no necessity for judges. The lottery, therefore, which more moral nations, even that most immoral nation, the French, had done away with, because it led to immorality, was upheld by the judge, because it did increase crime, and rendered it necessary to have judges.

It is curious to observe the arts and snares by which the unwary and the ignorant are entrapped into vice. At every lottery-office the bait is dangled, and the gudgeons bite. Here is described, in "La Zingara Fortunata," how to obtain success, whilst the "Zoroaster" gives grave algebraic deductions, to prove that certain numbers *must* win, and consequently the gulls of the "Zingara," and the disciples of "Zoroaster," spend their grani on the various numbers indicated, and are assured, that although they lost that time, that their perseverance would be rewarded; it was merely a business of time and patience, the calculation was correct, how could "Zoroaster" and algebra fail? Spend more money, hope and be patient, pay the grani and be contented; and so, nominally, they do pay; are patient—hope; but rarely, very rarely, win

enough to pay the one-hundredth part that they have paid as a tax, a voluntary tax, on knowledge, on "Zoroaster," on "Zingara," and "Algebra."

Here, staring every one in the face, is written, "Profittati tutti," 10, 14, 86; but they forget to tell you that, should the victims make a run on these wonderful numbers, by which all are to profit, the government reduces the amount, as, safe as the lottery is, in its returns, it might be a losing concern. Banks have been broken even at roulette. "Si Paga," 14, 21, 90—"very rarely," might be added—"Non fallira, 50." Alas! this was Zoroaster. "L'Istessa mano des 50 quanto regalo questi belli numeri, 25, 48." "Con fermezza, 67." This last was a strong recommendation of the Zingara. In one office there is a daub of Coreggio's famous picture of the Madonna del Coniglio, somehow bedaubed into a "Zingara;" it is mystical, no doubt; for, somehow or other, from the bend of the Zingara's body and the angel's, they make 67.

Enter and pay what Dr. Johnson called the tax upon fools; play like a man; take three

numbers, 21, 44, 32; put down your two carlini—eight-pence; there are five numbers drawn; if one comes up, you gain 0; if the ambo, meaning two, 9 ducats are paid; and if the whole three, a terno, 360 ducats; 90 comprises the whole amount of numbers. There are a thousand fascinating variations to this straightforward method. You may name the first number drawn; you may take five numbers; in short, there are as many combinations as there are stars in the heavens, just as bright in prospect, and just as distant. For your money, you receive a slip of dirty paper, on which is written the numbers, the number of the lottery-office, and the sum you can gain. Before the drawing of the lottery, this paper ought to be changed for a stamp receipt, given gratis at the office where you have paid your money. The affair is now as clear as moonlight in summer—the whole being moonshine. You have nothing now to do but follow Zoroaster's injunctions—"Hope, and be patient."

In all the lottery offices there is a bag with ninety balls therein. Some, who are ignorant of the doctrine of chances, dip in their greedy

hands and take the numbers they draw, not considering how they have increased the odds against them, by making, as it were, an additional bet, that the boy would take the same three numbers as the victim had taken. Some dream of numbers; some consult the priests; but owing to one of these spiritual advisers having religiously recommended, at various times, numbers which did gain, the government wisely prohibited such interference with the devil's avocation. Since table-turning and spirit-rapping withdrew his Satanic Majesty from his sinecure below, to make a table dance for the amusement of the idle and the frivolous, the lottery has much increased in value to the government. The devil, who, as Pope says, "tempts by making rich, not making poor," has had signal discomfitures when opposed to chance. His best plan is to stick to his old trade, put temptation in the way, and some one or other is sure to fall into his snare; but why he should be summoned from below, because six Tom or Mary fools think proper to put their electric fingers on each other on a table, it is rather hard to divine; or why he should come all that way—certainly not on a rainbow—to answer a question which anybody

in the room can declare as well as the devil himself, is puzzling enough; but so it is here. Hands, and seldom clean ones—for gamblers rarely are famous for *that*—are laid on tables, his black majesty is invoked, and comes; he is asked to rap with the table's legs the numbers to be taken; the table does rap whatever the moving power thinks proper; the numbers are taken; and now we will go to the drawing.

The Vicaria, which is, at the same time, a place of justice, punishment for crime, and the cause of it, inasmuch as it is a court of law, a prison, and the place for drawing the lottery, is at the very extremity of the Strada Tribunali—a grim-looking, rusty-barred place it is—you pass through an archway and a court, and ascend to what, in a private house, would be called "Il piano nobile." Here you come into the Hall of Justice, which is a long, mouldy-looking, shabby concern for any court; on the walls are many figures, faded frescoes, &c.; at one end is a raised platform, with a horse-shoe table, round which are twenty chairs. This sanctum is guarded at its base by ten sergeants or corporals, all wearing cocked hats, and looking above all bribery and corruption; but two carlini, adroitly conjured

from the visitor to the sergeant's hand, will make the steps of the platform very easy to ascend.

To see a sight well, go early; you will find, half an hour before the ceremony begins, there is always plenty to observe; and if you go at three o'clock, and the drawing does not begin until four, you will see plenty of ragged girls and boys, intermixed with old age and decrepitude, dangling their legs from tables here and there dispersed; two or three little children squat on the centre of the tables, and the mothers, although spendthrifts in grani, are economists in time; the operation of combing the head is made particular sport for the fingers. About half-past three the president arrived and took his seat; two printed papers—an order for eighteen ducats, and a receipt for the same—were handed for his signature; one was kept by the clerk, and the other put into the judge's pocket: he was an old—very old man; he had been tall, but now he was curved in the neck like a swan, although not quite so natural or so graceful; before him were two large, apparently silver, dishes, in which ninety pieces of circular wood, enveloped in paper, were placed; and here

alone appeared the least neglect as to the fairness of the proceedings. These numbers were never counted before-hand, so that, supposing the clerk, who looked of the hawk's-bill tribe, had played upon several numbers, and had abstracted ten from the dish, it is clear he would have increased his chance of winning; and five balls out of each dish would not easily be missed. No sooner had the president, with two other judges, seated themselves, signed these "receipts," received their pay, and made themselves comfortable, than they began to arrange the balls, thus—

The judge on the left had slips of white paper, on which the numbers from 1 to 90 were printed; he tore off one number and gave it to the president; whilst the judge on the right unwound the ball. The president then placed the number on the ball, and wound it up tightly in the paper. It seemed, as Brougham described the signature of a man's name, or winding up one's watch, a mechanical operation. The president seemed only attentive to rolling up securely. By the time he had done half-a-dozen, some other old men, judges of course, wearing the long black robe, curiously-cut hat, and spectacles, arrived. They

took their seats on either side of the president. Before, however, this twisting began, the judge of the people, generally one of the lazzaroni, but, upon this occasion, a more respectable-looking man, attended by eight others, took their stand immediately behind the president's chair, a strong railing keeping them from contact with the judge. There was a small box on the table, with an aperture like the glass part of a daguerreotype machine, on which a copper cover was placed and locked. The clerk brought this forward in front of the table, and turned it over and over, to convince the victims, who were now gathering together in considerable numbers, that the box was empty; it was then placed before the president, unlocked, and the aperture rendered free. The president alone dropped the balls into the box, five at a time, but each separate; his assistant-judges on the right and left only gave the number and unwound the balls. When all the balls were in the box, the two dishes were shown to the assembled multitude, to prove they were empty. The box was locked, and the clerk of the court rattled the balls therein, turned it over and over, and

most certainly rendered any unfair play almost impossible.

By this time the room was crowded to excess; and in that mass of animated countenances, there were ragged women and dirty men; not one person above almost the lower class did I observe. There was a dead silence, for the minister of fortune had arrived, in the shape of a boy about seven years of age, dressed in a tight white dress, trimmed with gold. Eighteen shabby-looking judges had taken their places, and their pay in an order for money; shocking bad hats they had, and many of them were evidently bad judges of razors, and not much addicted to soap and water. Never did men appear less respectable as administrators of the law.

When the boy was placed upon the table, on the left hand of the president, a priest immediately shuffled himself into his religious garments, and making the sign of the cross (which the boy did also), began a low prayer. At this ceremony the utmost silence prevailed. Some in the court knelt down with excessive trouble, for there was no room for extended legs. Many of the women crossed themselves, as with their lips they mumbled a prayer,

which, in all probability, was for a prize in the forthcoming lottery, or a supplication to the Virgin, that she would, in some dream, point out the successful numbers for next Saturday—it was too late for the present—and having a little gratitude in advance, might propitiate this unfortunate Virgin, who is supplicated in every advent, from child-birth to a lottery.

The priest, having concluded, turned to a most sinister, squint-eyed little ruffian, took from him the holy brush, and sprinkled both boy and box, giving, at the same time, a blessing, and, no doubt, a most sincere one, if the boy drew his numbers. The judge on the left hand of the president now turned back the sleeve of the right arm of the boy, and tied it with a piece of white ribbon, leaving the arm bare to the elbow. The box was unlocked, and placed close to the feet of the boy, who, raising his right arm, with his fingers extended, immediately plunged them into the aperture of this somewhat-resembling ballot-box, and pulled out a ball by the paper tail. He held it up, to show he had only taken one: it was taken from him by the judge on the left-hand side of the president, and delivered

carefully into the president's hands, as if it were a jewel of rare worth. The chief judge of the people balanced himself on the rail, his head was close to the president's left ear; but, alas! he had to wait, and his eager, glowing eyes, positively looking like live coals, had to pale their splendour. Not a word was to be heard in the room; some stood on tip-toes—faces were jammed over shoulders—there never was a better display of the excitement of the gamester! Some—yes, many—in that crowd had half-starved themselves and their children to save the few grani which were now risked under the inspiration of the Zingara, or Zoroaster. The only person who appeared the least confused was the president, who, for the soul of him, could not find those everlasting spectacles, and without them, a rat might have bolted the ball without his seeing it; but in order to avoid such a calamity, he held the ball clutched firmly in his right hand, whilst, with the left, he went in search of glasses.

First he endeavoured to find the string to which they were attached, it had got somehow nowhere; he awkwardly endeavoured to dive into his left hand waistcoat-pocket—the judge's robe was in the way, he could not get

to the aperture. His long, lean, skeleton claws went creeping over the exterior of his dress, the judge of the people got his head almost *on* the judge's shoulder, the people pressed closer and closer, and the guards had to stand firm to prevent an improper advance. At last, these glasses were found, and in the judge's nervousness, no doubt, they had passed unobserved through his fingers a dozen times; but there they were, although even now, the left hand not being the one generally used for this employment, some further time elapsed before the spectacles were fixed for service.

The excitement now was much greater; every eye was fixed towards the judge, who very slowly, for such greedy impatience, unrolled the ball. The judge on the right and on the left, with the judge of the people, all advanced their noses as far as possible; all the judges but he of the people wore spectacles, never was justice more hoodwinked; the light was bad; the old president had to turn the paper on which the number was printed in a dozen directions; then he whispered his idea of the number, which any one of the lazzaroni would have read—if he could read—and they all know their numbers, at

the distance of half the room. The judge of the people had made up his mind, and in a very loud, clear tone, called out "60!" At this announcement there was a violent row. Some, who had bet upon it, gave evident signs of their satisfaction, asked if the boy had all his teeth, so that they might take that number; his age was evident, and three holes in his garment were carefully marked. Others, who had lost, shrugged their shoulders, consigned the boy, poor innocent youth! to the devil, and would have defiled the grave of his mother—if such an urchin was ever supposed to have had one. A window was thrown open, the number announced to the mob below, which thousands contributed to swell.

On the platform behind the judges stood a priest; he had fortified his spirits by about a pound of snuff, and now held in his hand a roll of paper, containing as many numbers and combinations as Leporello exhibits of Don Giovanni's successes in his "Madamina il catalogo è questo." He must either have been the algebraic Zoroaster himself, or have made sure of having some numbers up, by having taken them all: his eye ran quickly over the paper, there seemed some visible dis-

content. By this time the box had been locked and rattled, unlocked, and the boy had drawn again. The operation went on faster now, for the spectacles had never been removed, and 21 was declared. This number, which to impatient heirs is so eagerly sought, and so joyfully acquired, was evidently not a favourite; several bah! bahs were heard, and although one frantic boy threw up his cap, and a greasy old woman crossed herself, it was evident 21 was no favourite, and had not been mentioned in the Zingara or Zoroaster. Next came 32, then 44, and finally 51; had it been 50, a number every one is expecting, and which is stuck up at all the offices, with "Con fermezza" before it, the shouts would have been deafening; as it was, it was received coldly, like an ugly singer, or a worn-out governess, and the lottery was drawn.

"A pack of liars!" said a chubby-faced idiot, as he withdrew, crumpling up his numbers. "It was written at the office, 'Cosi mi vedrai,' and not one of the numbers have come up!"

"And what use," said an old, wizened imbecile, "is it sticking up 'Il Maturo,' 50,

which I have taken for the last ten weeks, and it has never come up?"

The priest having satisfied himself as to his losses, and the whole mass being excessively discontented, huddled away, screaming after Marianina and Giovanni, and all manners of ragged boys and girls. The judges sat coldly indifferent to the event, excepting one who had taken a furtive glance at a paper, which was not a love-letter, or a digest of a law. The guards cleared the room, and nothing remained but the scent of the poor, which peculiar frowzy smell may be well remembered by all travellers who get into small churches, low theatres, or lottery drawings.

Out of that tremendous mass, which seemed to crowd even the long Strada Tribunali, not one—without he had played the picolo as it is called, when you have named that one number, to come out of the five, and then the reward is insignificant—had gained. To get two numbers up out of ninety is great fortune; and to get three, a marvel. One old woman declared she had never missed playing in the lottery every week for thirty-seven years, and had never gained but fifteen ducats; but still the remark is as fresh now, as it was in the

times of the darkest ignorance—"somebody *must* win"—"everybody *may win*." Il Indovinatore, La Zingara, and Zoroaster cannot always be wrong, let us save our grani and try again. And thus is this wheel of mis-Fortune for ever turning round, and the author of the "Doveri Sociali" may be believed, when he declared that to suppress the lottery at Naples would be to create a revolution to a certainty. The voluntary taxation system continues; demoralization continues; nothing is saved for the winter of life; there is a chance for the present, and as to the future, "sufficient for the day be the evil thereof." "Take no heed what ye eat, or what ye drink, or what raiment ye wear," is carried out to the fullest extreme, as is witnessed in the rags, and the rattling bones, as human creatures walk the streets of Naples. The lottery! the lottery! that is the cry, and life is hurried along, in the expectation of the coming Saturday; the loss in one week adds to the hope of the next, and thus whirls the world.

It must not be imagined that nothing good comes out of this immense evil, for some good does come. Every hospital in Naples has a certain number of tickets belonging to it, and

when these numbers come up—and five hospitals must gain every Saturday—they receive a certain sum. The judges also are better paid for their attendance at this destructive vice, than for any sitting for the distribution of justice. Every Saturday each judge receives eighteen ducats, and that may account for eighteen having been present at the drawing described. There is even some satisfaction to the gamblers—and a great one it is—they know their losses before-hand. They *may* win as much as the apothecary who lives in front of Saint Carlos, and who, it is said, won 75,000 ducats. Of course, the very circulation of his reputed gains, and the numbers which brought him this wealth, have ruined scores by driblets. Why should a beggar forsake his easy avocation, when having lied at a carriage door by affirming he was dying of hunger, he can go about ten yards, speculate in the lottery, and live upon macaroni and hope? Again, the lottery is of some use, for a certain sum is set apart, out of this voluntary tax, for the dowry of five poor girls every drawing: they each receive twenty-five ducats on their marriage.

No scene of real life can better dis-

play the propensities of the people than the drawing of this lottery. The work of the lower classes is suspended—the most ragged wretch, shoeless, stockingless, with the enigma to the beholder of how he ever got into the rags he wears, will be seen with the dirty stamped paper in his hand, on Saturday, at four o'clock. The offices are beset as the time expires, the winning numbers are exposed; and then comes the usual despondency, after intense excitement. But this shocking system seems invented solely to render poorer those who relieve their poverty—sometimes by industry—more frequently by dishonesty. A ticket can be had for three grani, exactly equal to one penny, hence the power of gambling reaches to the lowest capabilities. The idlest fellow can work for, or beg, or steal a grano; it is not enough, so three or four more join, and roll oranges at a hole; the most expert has very shortly three grani, and away he runs, and he has never far to run, to a lottery office.

He is as wise as Zoroaster himself; he has his favourite numbers, and he risks his all. The paper, ink, stamp, and the wages of the clerks can only be paid by the millions of

grani, and the thousands of gamblers; for there is precisely as much trouble and expense to verify the numbers taken for one penny, as if the gamester risked a handful of ducats; and the gamester of the penny is just as clamorous for attention as the richer man. There is not a house or shed in all Naples, where, out of six inhabitants, four do not play; and a bet might safely be risked, that out of three lottery offices, you will find a priest in two of them. It seems no moral turpitude to them; they gamble openly, and confess in private; they pray for visions of numbers, and they take what has crossed their half-deadened brains at midnight; they attend the drawing; they exhibit the same excitement, disappointment, pleasure, and exhilaration as the lowest lazzaroni; and by the countenance they give to this worldly profligacy, encourage, rather than arrest the vice.

There is nothing left untried to seduce the ignorant into this pernicious path — to persuade him of his probable good fortune, or to give him a chance by calculation to insure it. A book called "Elenco dell' Estrazione della Lotteria de Napoli, prima nel 1682, fina a tutto il 1853," is the foundation of the alge-

braic calculation. It is curious to observe how the vice has increased with the love of gambling: in 1682, the lottery was only drawn once a year; in 1685, it was drawn quarterly; in 1737, it had increased to nine drawings; in 1798, it was fifteen times annually; in 1800, eighteen times was the lottery drawn; in 1805, it was drawn twice every month; in 1817, the wants of the state, and the wants of the poor increased, and then began "estrazione estraordinarie," or thirty-six drawings; and in 1819 there were no less than fifty-one separate records of human folly, at which it remains, or at fifty-two, as the Saturday may begin or end the year.

Is it to be wondered that a poor person, who at every corner sees "Il vero tesoro," with five numbers after it, can withstand the sacrifice of three grani, for which, if two numbers come up, she receives two piastres, or 120 grani; and should three, out of the five, be drawn, she gains forty piastres, or 480 grani? The lottery offices are as large in their declarations as the "enormous sacrifices" in a Regent Street window; and Moses and Son, with their poet, are not far in advance of the offices in Naples. Here is a specimen,

which was written on paper large enough to cover the walls of a good-sized room, and which flapped over the door of one of the offices in the Strada Toledo, on Thursday, the 16th of February, the great day of the Carnival. Cold as the wind blew, and fearful as the Neapolitans were of a draught of air, round the corner dozens and dozens were reading, whilst one "child amongst ye takin' notes," copied the following:—

"Giocatori e Carneveli
Qui dipinto tale quale
Cari mascheri confette
Folla et urla malidette.

"Si voi pur goder bramate
Senza spesa tai festina
Questi numeri giocate
Et aviate assai quartrini."

Here followed a string of numbers all sure to win—and one number may occasionally win—for which, if you play what is called the picolo, you get twelve times the stake. But to hit upon two or three numbers to be drawn out of ninety, is a chance so rare, that few ever have succeeded. I can safely say I paid Folly's tax every week in prudent moderation, and never saw the shadow of my money after it

had left my hand. The highest sum allowed to be staked is eighteen ducats, for which, however improbable, it is possible to win 18,000 ducats. Behind the president's chair are three figures, representing Justice, Mercy, and Charity. In mercy and justice, they ought to add, Poverty.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STREETS OF NAPLES.

I PITY the traveller who can go from Dan to Beersheba and say, "all is barren;" he might go from Dan to Beersheba and say it, but he never will in Naples. There is no town where the attention is more kept alive, and where observation is more required. By a very fortunate law in favour of the pedestrian, the care of his person devolves on the drivers of all vehicles; for should any gaping, careless idiot get run over or hurt, the driver of the offending vehicle is put into gaol, and the carriage, cart, or as it otherwise may be, confiscated. It is very common, therefore, to see two or three persons carelessly talking in the centre of the streets, the carriages having to avoid them, instead of their avoiding the

carriages. There is a trottoir to the Strada Toledo, but it is far too narrow for this fashionable promenade—the middle of the street is nearly as much occupied by the pedestrian as the sides; the pavement of Naples, the best in the whole world, is composed of large, thick, square blocks of granite. There is very little to choose even for comfort between the centre and the sides of the street.

The first considerable bore on leaving your house, is the eager impertinence of the cab-drivers, who have not arrived as yet at the civil "Cab, sir? cab, sir?" but they crack their whips, and ejaculate some indistinct and unmeaning sound, much as the "Arh! arh!" by which the donkeys are urged forward; the traveller, lost in the splendour of the view and the animation of the scene, takes no notice of the appeal better bestowed on a horse than a man. The driver is not to be put off by this silent contempt; he thinks his Excellency ought to ride—surveys the polished boots, the well-brushed hat, and having exhausted his "Arh! Arh!" and somewhat tired his arm, he makes a dash at his man—drives smack at

him, but takes very good care, although he draws his horse's head across his path, not to crush or touch him. Sometimes two or three make a gallop at the unconscious stranger, and his danger becomes imminent if he attempts to get out of the drivers' way—walk straight on, and although the danger appears great, there is in reality none; if the stranger answers, he will be annoyed for some distance—the Neapolitan plan, is to toss the head back slightly, and go on without saying a word—everything is done by gesticulations in Naples, the fingers generally say more and do more than the tongue. Freed from the one annoyance, on rushes a corricolo, going at a very quick pace, and, in spite of all remarks upon cruelty to animals, carrying generally ten people, always, at least, eight, and sometimes fifteen.

The animal which drags this load of sin and human flesh, is generally an old, worn-out, broken-down creature, small, thin, half-fed, half starved, and kept upon his legs by the balance or weight behind of the corricolo, for the shafts are generally two feet above the horse's back, and if the strap gave way which attaches the horse to them, out

would roll about as pretty a cargo as could well be imagined. The corricolos go from one end of Naples to the other, for two grani each passenger, luggage, cabbages, and sometimes a pig, gratis. The bag below can carry anything, from a woman in the family way, to a young calf, or a basket of fish—ten passengers, thus making two carlini, are reckoned to pay well, and all above that number is a small fortune for—the lottery.

Dumas has given a whimsical account of these vehicles, which, making allowances for French vivacity and veracity, is true enough; the half-exhausted horse is urged along sometimes at a gallop, the passengers, of course, committing their souls to heaven, and generally having the benefit of a priest to shrive them, should an accident occur; and when it does occur, and all are sprawling on the road, the first attention is paid to the padre and the ladies, and the last of all to the horse or the driver. It is marvellous how rapidly these corricolos travel, and how very few are the accidents—and so cheap is the conveyance, that one frequently sees eight or ten soldiers, muskets, bayonets, accoutrements;

no extra charge for unloaded muskets, all are jammed into and upon the corricolo; on Sundays, particularly on the Megellena, or near the Campa Santa Nuova, these vehicles are crammed with Swiss soldiers, all drunk, but, fortunately for the horse, not armed.

The Neapolitan soldier may eat macaroni and rubbish, but your fighting Swiss, who has double the pay of a Neapolitan soldier, delights in spirits, and every Sunday is in them; nor are they very submissive in their cups; they are the Bourbonionion columns which support the throne, and without which the rich would sleep but badly in their beds. There are about 10,000 of them; and such is the courage of the hardy Swiss, when not debilitated by the weakening atmosphere around him, that he might safely be placed singly against five Neapolitans. These soldiers fight for either the liberty or the slavery of a people—as long as they are paid, they are faithful to the cause they espouse; in fact, they are hired-out murderers, at two or three carlini a day; and bad must be the cause which can only be upheld by foreign marauders, and

does not find its stability in the love and affection of the population.

Everything but the corricolo, in Naples, seems constructed to make difficulties rather than to facilitate locomotion; and this is observable in the slipper worn by all the lower classes, and which seems actually made to make walking difficult: at the heel it is like any other Christian or Mahomedan slipper, and at the toe there is a hole which allows about the first joint of that inelegant member to appear. Now, experience has taught all Europe but Naples, that slippers are vastly inconvenient for work; but a thousand years ago the people walked in slippers, and so they do now; improvement in anything is of very slow growth here, and if it is likely to lead to any political change, it is suffocated or nipped in the bud instantly—but these slippers are not without their value. I have frequently seen a woman take her slipper off and throw it in the face of her antagonist, and thus it becomes an arm of defence; directly a young girl can muster money enough to forsake her bare-footed occupation, she puts her feet in thraldom, and whilst increas-

ing the worth of her appearance, increases also her labour.

It is a general remark, that the Neapolitan women are ugly and dirty—they are dirty enough, God knows! soap and water form no part of their diurnal expenses, but ugly they are not; on the contrary, physically speaking, they are very fine specimens of the human animal. They have, generally, dark raven hair, and to the dressing of this ornament, although Solomon says, "A woman's hair is her shame," they bestow great care. I am speaking now of that second grade above the beggar or the actual pauper; *their* heads, indeed, are rough and uncombed, and are full of life and animation; the eyes are generally large, and the shape of the face comely—but it is in the figure they most excel; like Norah Creena, they have left every beauty free to sink or swell, as Nature pleases; and from the habit of carrying everything on their heads, they walk well, with a firm step, and upright. It is very wrong, as Jack says, to condemn the hull on account of the rigging, and in very few countries are there finer women than at Naples. The lazzarone is a fine animal, but he is a

lazy one; still, it is impossible to deny him a fine growth, strength, expressive countenance, a firm and manly step; in fact, the Neapolitans are by no means a despicable class; they are only despicable in their ignorance, for of natural blessings they have their share.

The city of Naples can boast of many fine parts, and of as much dirt as any hole in Europe. For the first, the Chiaja is unrivalled —its splendid row of palaces, its breadth, the Villa Reale, and the wide blue sea, with all the glorious view of the coast, give this street a just pre-eminence. The Strada Toledo would adorn any capital. The Strada Foria, the whole part near the Castella Nuova, the Largo di Palazzo, Santa Lucia, Stada del Molo and the Strada Nuova are fine, broad, and airy situations. But in all these the same want of unity exists. The fronts of the palaces are fine, noble, imposing buildings, but invariably a narrow lane flanks the side of the palace, and in many instances entirely darkens the windows; even in the palace of the Prince Saint Antimo, situated in that fine opening, the Largo Spirito Santo, in the Toledo, the houses opposite its western side are so close, that a long-armed

man with a broomstick might pass a letter across the narrow lane.

In old Naples, although here the churches are magnificent, and the palaces built more in the Spanish style, grand and vast, they are approached in some instances by narrow, dirty streets in front; and on the sides, if there are sides, the lanes are disgusting, dirty, and narrow. Cleanliness is not a Neapolitan virtue, and St. Gennaro, although he stopped the burning lava, could not stay the plague; the dirt would beat the power of any saint; in one day, out of a population (according to the official returns in 1851) of 416,475, very nearly 4,000 died. Father Leonardo Antonio Forleo, in his "Catechismo Politico-Morale," declares, for the benefit of the believers in *his* faith, that the cholera comes from *revolutions*, not from dirt—at least, he suggests it;* and this makes the visitation unfair in England, as we have had the consequence, without the cause.

* "Aveti osservato che i flagelli della natura han varcato lo spazio parallelo, a quello de flagello morale?" —R. "Si purtroppo. Il cholera viaggia al fianco della rivoltura Europea."—*Catechismo*, p. 23. 1850.

The old town of Naples, closely packed with people naturally dirty, who herd together in small, badly-ventilated rooms, and who create all the possible dirt they can, inside and outside of their houses—with whom delicacy is unknown, and cleanliness a stranger—would, in all probability, find, if they could get up a moral revolution, that they would stay the plague more efficaciously than being crammed with the absurdities of what Gladstone properly calls "a miserable work." The Toledo, although a street, may be called a noble river, receiving the filth of a thousand dirty streams; the dirty, densely-populated lanes and alleys which run in the direction of St. Elmo, are all on the side of the hill, and in rainy weather the whole beastliness of the neighbourhood rushes in a torrent to the Toledo. A faint effort at improvement is being made on the southern side of the Toledo, which runs towards the Castello Nuovo, and a trottoir may one of these days be completed in the Strada St. Giacomo and Sta. Brigeda; for four long months have the workmen been apparently doing something in the Largo del Castello, but it remains the same—a heap of stones,

some clipped and chopped, the rest as they were bundled out of the carts; and if the improvement everywhere only keep pace with those in the Strada Gigante, Naples has four centuries in prospect, before it will rival either Paris or London. It has a far finer site than either of these capitals, but it remains in its original dirt and disgrace, as far as the old town is concerned.

What a strange history might be comprised, under the head of the streets of Naples, either of the living or the dead! What is this which approaches? it is the last vanity of life in death. It is a funeral! See, in advance, a crucifix, like a picture in a blue frame; look at that string of men on either side, covered with white linen, with only holes for their eyes. They seem like walking ghosts bearing torches; and look beyond, at that gold catafalque, high above the heads of all; whilst following it, are the most ragged and dirty-looking hired mourners, in glazed hats, bearing a kind of cross, with dirty, dangling canvas! these are called Pezzariti da St. Gennaro, and they receive about two-pence for their company, not for their tears; the proper

price is one carlino, five grains of which go to the establishment, and five to each mourner.

This is an economical country; and as the first day of life is the first towards death, preparations are made for the latter as soon as the former exists. A man in Naples, who begs his bread, may be great in death, and the same gilded mockery, the same "super vacuos honores," which dazzles the wondering stranger by its apparent magnificence, may contain the miserable shell of the beggar, or the painted box of the better order; follow the funeral, it will bolt up a lane, or rush into a more fashionable church, for to church in both instances it is carried. The beautiful pall is raised, a mere shell, with a corpse hardly covered, is taken out and taken away; the gilded monument of fashion and folly alone remains; round this stand the gentlemen in white, with candles in their hands. There is here sometimes an indecent haste—I have seen the mimic mourners divested of their white linen coverings on entering the church; the Pezzeriti are not paid for the following ceremony, but depart at the church-door,

being duly paid for their mournings in the street.

The white linen being removed, a certain amount of human beings stand in all their natural dirt before you; the linen garments are rolled up *on the altar*, and a buzzing noise is heard of a conversation between the folders. A priest, who seems to have the most insignificant part of the whole farce, looks at a book, and may, or may not, repeat a prayer; he has it all to himself, and prays, perhaps, for himself, for nobody knows, and, evidently, nobody cares; but the white mummers have a task to perform in chaunting a part of the service, and the organist goes desperately in for his part of the play. There, in the middle of the chapel, is the golden tenement of *all* the dead; it is let out like the plough and the cart in a French village—it belongs to all, and is the property of none; around it are the chaunters, who go through the ceremony mechanically, their eyes being directed to any pretty woman, or any amount of blue or pink bonnets; the lips move, and the noise is made, in tune or out of tune, in time or not in time, it matters little; there is a certain

quantity of words to be chaunted, and chaunted they are, when suddenly the lights are all out, the whole congregation have departed, the dead body is left in some hole or corner, and the priest and the organist go home, and thus ends this farce.

That a beggar and a noble should have all this gold and glitter in death, requires some explanation. This is how the matter is arranged. There are very many people who could not afford to pay for this exhibition, and who still wish to be buried like gentlemen, however much they may live and die like paupers; and there are many of the nobility, great in body and soul, but very poor in pocket, who, having made a show all their lives, desire to keep up the mockery in death. Let us begin with the poor, for death levels us all, and a crown on a corpse would be as useful to the pauper as the monarch.

In order to be buried in the manner before described, a trifling subscription is paid to a congregation, or a society for the burial of the dead; the sum paid is very insignificant, so small, indeed, that the beggar who holds out his dirty paw, and supplicates for the "picola moneta," would not be ruined by saving a

trifle to insure his gorgeous funeral. It is very odd that these people live in rags to be buried in gold; they speculate in the lottery, and pay for a show they are never to see.

Each subscriber becomes one of the society or congregation, and, independently of getting buried himself, he is bound to bury his co-associates. Thus, when a man dies who belongs to the society, the others of the society are obliged, by the agreement, to fetch the dead from their earthly abode, and follow, or rather precede, the funeral to the church, make use of their voices, carry candles, and do the service. There are plenty of burial companies in Naples, having different distinguishing dresses; some have white, others blue or red. They are called after their fancy saints; some are the Confrati di S. Gregorio, di S. Maria delle Grazie, S. Giovanni, di S. Giuseppe, and these respectable saints have the charge of the poor. St. Giuseppe has plenty of votaries, and St. Maria has an awful amount of souls. It is quite a fancy which saint is to protect you in life, and bury you in death; as long as you have a saint, the others never quarrel for your soul; but if any faith is to be placed in Father Rocca, the cele-

brated Lazzaroni preacher, now dead, St. Giuseppe is out and out the most powerful aloft, and has on more than one occasion actually forced St. Peter to open the gates to one of his votaries, against the opinion of St. Peter himself.*

Having disposed of the poorer confrati, let us turn to the richer; they pay more a month, and seem to have no confidence in the saints of the poor. The nobles, who are equally obliged to go to the house of their dead confrati, and equally obliged to dress in a white sheet, and make ghosts of themselves in the streets, have chosen St. Ferdinando, St. Giacomo, and the Madonna die Setti Dolore. These saints have a very heavy burthen, and ought to be much more respected than they are. St. Ferdinando, as being the king's saint, of course has the generality of nobles. When a monarch is absolute, it is just as well to follow his fancies; and it may safely be averred, that if St. Giuseppe has the sincere prayers of the poor, St. Ferdinando has the blazing candles of the rich.

It is by no means uncommon to see the corpse put *outside, on* the golden mummery,

* See Dumas, Coricolo.

with face bare and hand holding a flower; the body is decently dressed, and generally a nosegay is placed at the feet; it has a strange, cold appearance, and even curiosity is shocked at this public exhibition of the dead.

Now we come to the real hired-out mourners in the Pezzeriti di S. Gennaro. There are about one thousand of these poor men, who are lodged and fed at the public expense in an hospital; these are speculators in the dead, and are quite indifferent if they follow the rich or the poor, as long as they are paid. When a funeral takes place, and it is desired to give it a more imposing effect, any number of these men are hired; I have counted seventy to walk after the catafalque; they are generally dressed in uncommon old rusty black mantles, which have been traced to be of Spanish origin, and which appear nearly as old as the time when the Spaniards held Naples. They carry each a black flag, on which is written the initials of the defunct, and are about the most villanous-looking mourners imaginable; but they have a most curious appearance, with their crosses over their shoulders, and the black canvas with the initials dangling in the wind. I was rather astonished, one day, at finding the little

ragged urchins of boys, who are always ready to pick a pocket or ask charity, congregating together to hunt these Pezzeriti, who are in general very old and infirm; they did not seem to heed the jeers much; but there was a quaintness in one old fellow, as he said to a sickly little fellow, who screamed the loudest, "I may be of some use to you yet, in this manner."

I have seen a dead man carried in a kind of butcher's tray, on the heads of two men, as naked as he was born, through the streets of Naples; and not an hour will pass without meeting the military hearse drawn by a couple of mules, trotting a defunct soldier to the Campo Santo Vecchio; then will follow a very gay-looking carriage, with lights all over it, a cross on its roof, a case for the coffin behind, and a dozen children, all dressed in white, as mockeries of cherubs, whilst a fat priest seems intent upon any object but that of the last prayer for the dead. A funeral in Naples is a very gay affair, all but that of the soldier; he has no one to follow him but two of his brethren in arms: there is no parade for him; he is trotted up in his hearse, and stuffed into the hole, as will be described elsewhere.

There is a strange vanity in all this, which divests a funeral from any respect. It is well known that everybody in the white sheet is an obligatory attendant; he is bound by the law of the confraternity, and must take his turn, as soldiers go on guard, by the roaster; and to see them jump out of their white envelopment and run away home, is not the least proof of their satisfaction that another one is dead and gone, and that their turn cannot be to-morrow, at least to follow a corpse.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRIESTS AND PEOPLE OF NAPLES.

A STRANGER in walking the streets of Naples, will be much amazed at the enormous numbers of idle priests, who seem to herd together in the Strada Toledo like crows in a cornfield. Naples can boast of a Church Establishment of twelve thousand clergy of one denomination or another, which gives an average of one padre for every forty people, men, women, children, and infants included. A man not versed in the mysteries of Naples, would imagine that if everybody confessed once a month, and went to church every hour, there would be plenty of priests for the different services. There are two hundred and fifty-seven churches in Naples, with a body-guard in white, black, and brown, of twelve

thousand priests, yet this is not enough, not half enough; not that the present generation by any means encumber the churches by their presence, but that the more fervent votaries of the saints and the church have long since died; yes, died; and believing that their sinful souls will remain in purgatory, although with very little trouble they could have got off thousands and thousands of years, and even with very small exertion of their legs might have insured a plenary indulgence, "living or dead;" they took the further precaution of half ruining their descendants, by leaving a lien on the estate in favour of the priests, who were to say a few masses a-year for the repose of their agitated souls.

The church, ever mindful of its own excessive poverty and the necessity of good living, has continued from generation to generation the noble and excellent taste of saying masses for the souls of all those who have left money for such prayers; those who do not pay, remain, poor devils! for ever in purgatory, without they are bundled into a worse place. A man may belong to a burial confraternity for a very little money, and get buried like a gentleman, but he cannot speculate in the funds

of eternity, by paying a paltry sum whilst he lives. No, he must pay annually, if he is to be prayed for annually; and thus it is that almost all the estates of Neapolitans are burthened with payments for the repose of the souls of all those who have inherited these estates, leaving the present owners so very poor, that their souls are in precious jeopardy, since money, not repentance, can alone save them.

To such an enormous amount of masses has this accumulation accumulated, that the clergy cannot say them all, although they take the money; the difficulty is got over by a ruse quite worthy of the men who planned the fraud. Every year an application is made to the pope, in which it is set forth, that it is impossible for these poor, thin, exemplary pious people, to say the number of masses required; when the pope, in his infinite power, settles, "that the intention was as good as the act itself," and that such intention "*shall*, *be*, and *is*, as efficacious for the soul of the delinquent, as if the said masses, for which he had pawned his estate and ruined his descendants, had been duly said or sung, as the case may be."

Twelve thousand priests might get over a

vast number of masses, but they must rest, of course, and therefore the church doors are closed from twelve to two every day. These remarkably fat and sleek gentlemen may be seen amusing themselves in the Toledo, driving in coricolo, mortifying the flesh by inflicting the cold of ices upon it, or in other pleasures more congenial to their disposition; and to see the rising generation of priests!—you pass them by scores—by hundreds—it appears as if half of the whole population were bringing up for the church; but if they multiply these hoards to infinity, the application to the pope will be made annually, and the dead who left their substance for the masses, will have the pope's assurance, and that is considerable, instead of the rites and ceremonies.

Idle people are always bores, and mostly vicious, and this is pretty well exemplified in the clergy of Naples. I do not mean to say, *all* are vicious, or that *all* are idle—there are numbers of good and exemplary men—but there are others, who knowing how completely they hold the poor in subjection, from the ignorance and superstition of the mock education, turn to their own account that ignorance and that superstition. Of course, the priest-

hood support the monarch; and although Gladstone mentions some two hundred priests being in gaol for political offences, two hundred *suspected*, not proved, of believing men a shade better than the donkey, which is arh! arh'd along the street, is, after all, no very great number.

In educating the poor, the Catechismo Politico Morale is made, of course, to uphold the church. Every Frenchman who imagined a republic possible, or a constitution desirable, is termed an atheist; and the killing the Archbishop of Paris, in the days of June, although the work of one man, is quietly fixed upon the whole forty thousand republicans of those sad days. No liberty of thought is inculcated, and as the Catechismo says, "Odio alla detrazione et alla *ribellione*—amor del principe, e del nome Napoletano ed ecco in breve le definizione cattoliche nostre." No—no insurrection—no schism—but be slaves in both—shut your eyes and believe in the pope, for if he falls, then comes chaos again, and then a thousand sects—all heretics at present. It should be well remembered that no school is allowed excepting where a priest is the teacher, and he teaches divine right and passive obe-

dience to the king and the church. The very first question of the Catechism is this :—

"Definite la monarchia?"

"Una podestâ nata—non fatta, che vive *col dritto*, non è per dritto conferito."

"E perche?"

"Se *fosse* per *dritto conferito*, sarebbe *magistratura* non *monarchia*."

Thus Louis Napoleon is no monarch—nor is any man a king who is elected by the people. But I must add, that it is much contested in society, if this "miserable work," as Gladstone calls the Catechismo, is, or is not, taught in the schools by *authority*. There is a council of public instruction composed of the laity alone, and all works used in schools must have the sanction of that body; therefore, if this book, which has created such a noise, was authorized, everybody would know the fact; and after all, if they have a religion of the country, they are perfectly right to uphold it. It may be in our eyes most egregious nonsense, but in their eyes it is good sound sense, upheld by faith, and constantly confirmed by miracles. The only question is, the blind ignorance in which the peo-

ple are kept, and the clog to the march of intellect.

It is strange to witness the jumble of priests in Naples—you see them everywhere—in the lottery office frequently, and at the drawing of the lottery occasionally. To them, at least, the mammon of unrighteousness is welcome, nor do they heed the bad example set by the encouragement of gambling. There is no punishment for this, and very little for worse offences. Here are one or two anecdotes—I answer for the truth to the very letter.

There resided at Posilipo a certain priest, rather old, very ugly, and named ————. (I see no reason why a name should be withheld, and why infamy should not rest on the head of the person meriting it.) This priest had money, and amused himself by frequent trips to Aversa, being much more celebrated for easy conveyances, than his pilgrimages. Now it so happened, that there resided at Aversa, a certain contractor, who had an only child of seventeen years of age. The contractor was rich, and his house was pleasantly situated; the priest had made his acquaintance; the house was convenient as a resting-place, and the stable better than at the inn. There was a meekness,

a mildness about the man—his conversation was always devout; the father liked the tone of the discourse, and the daughter listened with eager ears. The priest returned to Posilipo, only to return to Aversa. He soon contrived to have some business there, which made his visits more frequent. The contractor was lavish of his hospitality, and charmed by his guest, the daughter was silent and respectful; and when her bright eyes fell upon the priest's face, it was the look of respectful attention: thus days passed—the priest entering the house without any formality; the contractor attending to his concerns; the daughter listening to the pious admonitions of the priest; and never leaving the house, in accordance with her father's instructions.

But the contractor had business elsewhere—he could not always be at home—and sometimes he was obliged to pass the night in Naples.

It was on his return from one of these necessary absences that he found his house deserted; a search was everywhere made, and nowhere could the daughter be found. There was no man more active in his endea-

vour to discover the child than the priest, and no one could conjecture what had become of her. There had been no one seen about the premises—it was not known when she went out—in fact, all was a mystery. The priest came, as usual, to enquire if she had been found, and to give consolation to the afflicted parent, who day after day became more and more excited, until he was half deranged; by degrees the priest's visits grew less and less frequent, until they ceased altogether.

About six months had elapsed—the contractor had nearly lost all hope—for no letter, or tidings of any sort, had arrived; when a peasant, who had worked on his premises, was seen loitering about the house. The contractor, after some previous conversation, touched upon the subject nearest his heart—his child--when the peasant remarked, that it was very odd the contractor should have searched in every direction but the one the most probable—namely, in the house of his friend, the priest. The contractor, who had a pious reverence for the holy profession, at once rebuked the peasant for his injudicious want of respect; and finally grew angry as he remarked the intelligent curl of the pea-

sant's lip. But far greater was his surprize when the peasant added, that he had left Posilipo the night previous, and had *seen*, yes, *seen*, the daughter in the priest's house!

The day following, the father set out early for Posilipo; at any rate, he need not discover his suspicions—if he failed in his search, it was easy to make pretence of enquiring for the reverend gentleman, since he had not seen him for some time, and he might be ill. All this was well turned in his mind, and set speeches arranged, as everybody does, and which invariably are never used after all. He jogged on at the quick pace of expectation, and arrived to find the peasant's story correct; his daughter in the arms of the priest, and very likely to become a mother. The recovery of his child somewhat checked his feeling of revenge; besides which, he had a bar against any hostile movement in the presence of the curè and some police, who he had taken the precaution to have as witnesses; but it is a rule at Naples to keep secret anything which can reflect upon the church, for so many are the sins and errors of this multitudinous host, that respect would soon cease, and authority fail, if they were made pub-

lic. But this could not be altogether hushed up, so the priest was shut up in two rooms in the *cardinal's* house, and, as a further punishment, was not allowed to officiate at mass for six weeks ! ! !

A book called the "Crimes of the Clergy" would meet with a rapid sale, and would be the most exciting work ever printed. But who dares attack the clergy in Naples, excepting in whispers? And who dare publish the book? Is not the court most eminently virtuous—who sees a naked statue anywhere? Have not decency and morality suggested the fig-leaf on the marble, and the green inexpressibles on the opera dancers?

The religious processions in Naples are numerous; in one shape or another, it is five to one the pedestrian of the streets will fall in with two or three every day; and he will be soon aware that the clergy are more or less the church militant, even in the commonest affair—that of the visitation of the sick. Two soldiers, with fixed bayonets, turn out from the first guard-house the procession passes, and accompany the priest as his guard of honour.

CHAPTER X.

PUBLIC PROCESSIONS IN NAPLES.

On the 7th of April, it being nearly the conclusion of Lent, I saw the procession of the Madonna of the Scala Santa, when this lady is carried in full costume to pay her respects to the king, who most gallantly salutes her from one of the windows of the palace in Naples. Who this Madonna may be, I never could find time or patience to read up. St. Gennaro is another concern. I devoted many hours to satisfy myself that his bones may be anywhere but in Naples. There is in a low, dirty, miserable quarter of Naples a Scala Santa, the steps of which are in no danger of being worn out by the knees of the pious; nor need these steps be covered, as at the Scala Santa in Rome. Although I have visited

this Neapolitan Scala Santa dozens of times, I never yet saw one person going to heaven on his knees, by thus rubbing off his sins, and obtaining, in the treasury above, a certain credit of absolution, to ease the time of purgatorial punishment. There is at this Scala Santa one of the most savage representations of the Crucifixion which an indignant carpenter could imagine; but I never saw any Madonna; and where the figure resides, which was exhibited on this occasion, I am in perfect ignorance.

St. Anthony, when he was paraded through the streets on the 9th of January, had but a beggarly attendance of boys. He was preceded, it is true, by a band of music, and the guards turned out to salute him as he passed. He had also but very few candles to light his road; and although he was a real silver saint, and one of the seventy who form the court of St. Gennaro, he certainly had but a very indifferent escort; but the Madonna of the Santa Scala came forth in more splendour, and made one of the most exciting spectacles I have seen for years. In the Toledo, down which street the procession passed, the houses appear like a revolution of balconies. It is a

remnant of the old Spanish style, and there is not a window which has not one of these gape-scenes. On this occasion, every balcony was crowded, masses of human beings were jammed against the houses, the military lined the streets, and kept the centre free for the saint. First came a light skirmishing party of priests to clear the way, all with lighted candles, and having a few ragged boys, who ran across the road to give a fresh light to any candle which might be blown out; and these boys, as the wind was high, had no sinecure.

I had posted myself opposite the church of St. Ferdinando, which is placed close to the entrance of the Largo di Palazzo, and having my pockets sewed up, I defied the light-fingered fraternity, who were as plentiful as the saint's attendance. I, by gentle insinuation, got in the front row, and was admirably placed to see and remark the whole scene. Nothing could surpass the animation of the Toledo; the ladies were in elegant toilettes, and the large, dark, beautiful eyes, were as worthy of remark as any part of the ceremony. The clergy having passed onwards to the Largo di Palazzo, a band of one of the regi-

ments followed :—it is marvellous how well a Neapolitan band plays ; I think their military music far surpasses that of France or Germany : as for England, we make no pretension—or we had better not ; then came officers of the army and navy, beginning with the inferior ranks, until they came up to the very highest, all with candles.

It was amongst these gentlemen that the disgust at the mimicry and mockery of religion was most observable. One or two of the officers, who knew the king's eye was at a distance, carried their candles reversed, slapping their legs as a dandy does a horsewhip, laughing, and, what was more contrary to military discipline, in a religous procession, actually smoking. They had very little respect for the Madonna della Santa Scala in the Strada Toledo ; but they recovered their gravity and proper bearing not a little, when the king's quick eye might have fallen upon them. Another and another band followed ; a regiment, horse and foot, all the din and the glitter of arms ; then the priests — mercy, what a number !—there was every sort and size—every monk from every monastery—from those brown-covered, bare-footed Bene-

dictines to the archbishop himself. Here was all the gold and lace of the churches; and then came the Madonna, on whose approach some prostrated themselves, some knelt, all bowed, and uncovered their heads.

I never was afraid of looking a pretty woman in the face, and, therefore, not believing that any divinity hedged this huge doll, I took the liberty of closely inspecting her; and I had a full and clear view, as all in front of me, soldiers and all, were on their knees. It fortunately happened that the head of the procession, now well in the Largo di Palazzo, had halted, this brought the Madonna to a stop, which seemed by no means annoying to the six half-exhausted men who carried the saint. She stopped within two yards of me. I must confess the saint-manufacturers are no judges of beauty. I think I never saw, in a Dutch toy-shop, an uglier doll.

It was the size of a well-grown woman, and dressed strictly in the Spanish costume, from which blessed country, I presume, she came, although I candidly confess my ignorance of her birth, parentage, or education. In the left hand was placed a most elaborately-worked pocket-hankerchief, held in the middle,

with the corners hanging down, like those flags of abominations for show, not use.

I remember the wife of a certain minister, who represented a republic, being seen groping about, at her Majesty's ball, for something under her dress; a lady near, who, perhaps, thought it was something tickling her, asked what was the matter?

"Oh, nothing!" replied the lady. "I expect I'm seeking my pocket-handkerchief for use, which, I reckon, my silly maid has pinned up too high." The fact being, that she was obliged to lift her dress to find the one for use, whilst that for show was dangling like the Madonna's.

On the right arm the Madonna carried a large purse—these saints are always looking out for presents. She had on lots of jewels—a fortune even for Hunt and Roskell—rings, bracelets, armlets, necklace, ear-rings—every conceivable meretricious ornament: and then her dear little Spanish feet and legs!—but enough of the saint;—the procession advanced, and I had a back view, which was so exactly in the fashion, that she must have worn a bustle.

Following her at some respectful distance, the interval being occupied by boys bearing

censers, and priests singing, came the bishop, carying the host, under a splendid canopy; and here was evident the strange contradiction, for now passed, according to the belief of the spectators, the divinity itself; and although great and profound respect was shown by some, yet much more had been manifested to the Spanish doll, which was at this time entering the great square, every now and then giving a lee-lurch, or a weather-roll, as if it were going to capsize off her platform. The Madonna could not bow to the king, but, no doubt, would so have done, if it could. The procession stopped opposite the centre of the palace; everybody in the square knelt, the host was raised, the bell rang, the soldiers covered their eyes, the Madonna and the priest were the only two erect; it was a most impressive sight, and admirably calculated to impress weak minds with awe and veneration, even for the Spanish lady, for, without her, the ceremony would have been one of every hour's occurrence in Naples. The drums beat, the sacred elements were concealed; every one rose; the candles were borne respectfully; bands played; there was again the clash of arms, the din of war, and the procession returned from where it came.

I certainly think that there are priests enough in Naples to say masses for the souls of all in purgatory, or going there, since the year 4004 of the creation, without putting them in groups, and saying the service over all at once, as is done in the Campo Santo Vecchio.

This Campo Santo Vecchio will take the worldly pride and conceit out of any one who is inclined to visit it. Of itself, it is nothing but a large square, in which there are 366 holes, one of which is opened every day to receive the poor, who have toiled through life to be bundled into a pit of quick-lime at sun-set. As you enter the first corridor, you will see the lime waiting to devour what a few hours before was a human being; as the holes are kept shut in, the one for the day will be opened for a carlino. There is nothing to shock the beholder; it may be likened to an enclosed playground of a boy's school, which it re-sembles in more than one instance.

When I arrived, the usual host of beggars were on the look out; for as this Campo Santo is out of the town, and approached by the most villanous road, that no living body can travel over without a chance of dislocation, these beggars get a good view of you before you can overcome the difficulties of the way.

It might be supposed, that as, in all human probability, every one of these beggars were telling lies over their own future graves, that they would be somewhat alarmed, and not resolutely swear, fat, healthy, and dirty as they are, that they were all dying of hunger, and some had not eaten for fourteen days!! Not even standing over the very holes which are to receive their beggarly bodies, perhaps in eight and forty hours, could check the falsehood on their lying lips. "Picola moneta, Signore, par l'amor di Dio, moro di fame;" and then would follow the sign of the thumb and forefinger moved before the lips; as some had continued this strain for years and years, always promising to die of hunger, and yet getting fat and buying lottery tickets, they were living lies over the grave of death.

At the further end of the square, there sat some women, devoting their time to their children's heads, and enjoying an hour's recreation, in effecting what a small-tooth comb would do in a few minutes; before them some boys of an advanced age were rolling oranges into the holes into which the custodi puts his iron to lift the stone which covers the dead. There was the usual shrieking, screaming, and

gesticulating, but the cleaning and the gambling went on—the living quarrelled and squabbled, and the dead arrived—there was plenty of noise to have awakened them, had they been in a trance. No, no, they were dead; and when those who bore them to this last spot let them fall upon the stones, as if sincerely glad to be relieved of the load, and without even crossing themselves as a reconciliation for their heartlessness, they turned round and walked away, taking with them all but one rag which had covered the corpse.

It was an ugly sight—there lay before me the corpse of a poor old, withered creature, the grey beard unshaven, the deep furrows of poverty ploughed on the cheeks—it was a skeleton more than a body—the long, lank limbs seemed fleshless; there was no difficulty in counting the bones; the rag, that was the mockery of a covering, hid very little, if anything, from the sight—he had died in agony, as he had lived in misery—even the ray of hope, which some say is visible on the face of the poor in death, was not visible here: the lips were thin and compressed, and the hands seemed to grasp each other with a fearful clutch. Some boys and girls came to

look, with all the unconcern of those habituated to such scenes; one old woman bent close down and seemed to recognise the body, and shouted, in the unintelligible language of the lower classes, to another old, tottering, miserable hag, who, after an inspection, made some remark, which occasioned a shout of laughter—and boys and girls, the old and the young, quitted the corpse, whose half-closed eyes gave a horrible reality to death, to look at a younger victim, who was brought in and placed at a little distance from the other. Thus the number accumulates, and the same heartlessness continues until the priest arrives at sunset—the hole is opened, all are thrown in, without a tear, a sigh, a groan, and scarcely a prayer; and thus some fifty or sixty of his Majesty's formerly faithful subjects are disposed of and forgotten.

Those who idle about this dark abode of death, look on with a shocking unconcern, and following the priest, after whose exit the custodi closes the iron gates, betake themselves to their wretched hovels, to return the next day, to roll oranges over the dead, and tell lies. Of all the recreations of the living, I never saw any which so disgusted me as this, and I never saw a more complete un-

concern or heedlessness. On my return, I met many more journeying to their last long home; no one seemed to regard them with any eye but that of curiosity; and those who followed—followed not to weep or to sigh, but to take away even the shroud, and bundle the naked body into the hole. Why rot a shroud in the quick-lime? the body rots the quicker by being uncovered.

At the Campo Santo Nuovo, a gentleman is buried like a gentleman; he can have a flower-bed to breed the worms which are to be nourished by him; here, indeed, are all the pomp and folly of mankind, and a burial is as much a show, as the interior of Saint Carlos when the house is illuminated; here are splendid monuments with lying epitaphs, fantastic tombs, everything arranged to make the residence of death agreeable to the living; and here, also, may be seen the widow kneeling by the iron barrier of the tomb, and weeping over the loss of him who never can return.

It was a sight which would call the tear in many an eye, and from many a hardened, seared heart, to see the mother and her infants, in the darkest mourning, all kneeling, all weeping, over the husband and the father; there was sincerity

in the sign of the cross, it was not that mechanical sign which is seen when a Catholic enters a church, and when it is a matter of indifference, or, at least, of uncertainty, if the fingers have touched the holy water or not. There was a lonely man in real grief, who wandered round and round a newly-erected monument, not in admiration of the masonry, but as if some small opening might guide the eye to the last resting-place of her he loved. Affection seemed fairly apportioned.

I hardly knew which to admire the most, the weeping widow, with her sorrowing children, or the plain, manly, tearless grief which was stamped upon either the father or the widower. Alas! for human nature, most probably, within two years, both man and woman will be re-married, and the children, tormented by their governesses or tutors, will think more of the lesson than the parent. The inconsolable widow does somehow find relief—and the helpless children are launched into the world; the epitaph suggests a witticism from the heartless visitor; and so passes, has passed, and for ever will pass, the grief of the disconsolate—the tears of the children.

The Protestant burial-ground is much the

same as the Campo Santo Nuovo, excepting that the view from the latter is as fine, and finer, than the Pere la Chaise at Paris. Ah! how many I saw in the former, whom I had known in all the pride of youth and beauty—far, very far, my juniors—but here gathered together—dead! It made me look back on life, and sigh to think how unprofitably I had passed it.

Turn we to livelier subjects. The Neapolitans have a strange way of bridling their donkeys and horses; not the higher classes; they, like their animals, are curbed, and have the hard bit in their mouths; but the more independent animals of the lower class—those used in the citizens' carts or cabs, have the bridle fastened round the nose; and it is not unfrequent to see that this curb has eaten into the flesh, and that there is a huge swelling above and below, which leaves the leather indented; this is evidently more cruel than the ordinary bit, although the animal has its mouth free.

There was a good Samaritan, who came from England—as the Quakers went to St. Petersburgh—to suggest "a cruelty to animals bill" in Naples; this kind and simple-hearted individual applied to a gentleman, who had long resided at Naples, for his advice how to pro-

ceed. "Proceed!" replied my friend; "why, first obtain a 'human cruelty' bill, and if you ever get *that*, then you can try for the animals." When men work in chains, why should not a donkey work with a strap round his nose?

It is better to begin at the beginning, rather than the end. The ladies, however, have set an example in having the check-string fastened to the button of the coachman's coat instead of his finger. She may pull as hard as she likes, she only runs the chance of tearing her own coat; she cannot dislocate the finger. In Palermo, there are two strings passing on either side of the coachman, and thus the lady directs the driver which road to take, and when to stop, without the fatigue, in a sirocco, of even speaking. The coachman is driven exactly as boys play at horses; and the curious husband, or the more inquisite servant, never knows where the lady is going. She may see a carriage at her lover's door, and go on; where she intended to go, remains in her own breast. She may be, apparently, accidentally driving, and more accidentally meet her lover. These Sicilians deserve a medal for the invention, and ought to be rewarded by intriguers, as the lady's-maid was handsomely feed, who

recommended her young mistress's lover to communicate with the object of his affections at an hotel, by putting the letter in the toe of the shoe, which, after being cleaned, is always left outside the door. Ovid never thought of *that*. No lady, "bien chaussée," could put the shoe on the foot without finding where it pinched. I throw out the hint for the benefit of all lovers, whose cruel, hard-hearted, unfeeling parents forbid a correspondence.

During the Lent, the observant traveller will remark small dolls with feathers dangling from a line, which is fastened to each side of the street: these are called "Quaresima," and indicate, by the number of the feathers, the number of weeks still remaining for starvation, although, in spite of the twelve thousand priests, people do eat pretty considerably during the religious abstinence. At the feet of this doll is generally a lemon, to which, the day before the expiration of the forty days, some fire-works are attached. When the signal-gun is fired, the fasting over, and the feasting to begin, these fire-works are ignited; and, as my solemn Neapolitan friend informed me, the Lent is "*blown to the devil!*"

This gentleman I met at a house where the

best of dinners were given even during Lent, and I heard him, after he had eaten enough to choke a crocodile, say, in a low voice, to his own conscience, "Dio mio, e Quaresima"—his convenient remembrance never pointed out the fact until the dinner was done.

And then, I presume, he went home to fast and to pray.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VILLA REALE.

Who has not enjoyed, who has visited Naples in the spring of the year, this delightful public garden, when the young verdure of the trees and the rich fragrance of the blossoms render it attractive? I lived on the Chiaja for months,* and not a day passed that I did not enjoy this animated scene. "To all the beauties generally descriptive of a public walk, it unites the advantage of a fine city and sea view, with a sweet and voluminous stretch of the bay and its shores, while Pizza-falcone, Castel Dell Ovo, and St. Elmo, present a magnificent prospect, filling the eye with their

* I recommend all travellers to get into one of Mr. Corby's houses; they will find themselves in clean quarters, and in honest hands.

varied forms and antique aspect."* Here, I may say, with Bell, I have been, as if by fascination, chained in fixed attention; and here have I lingered for hours, in pleasing, melancholy musings.

In the early morning, these gardens are a perfect luxury; you escape the lazy sweeping of the Chiaja—a ceremony which is not performed with much alacrity, and which creates such clouds of dust, as to render the street a most painful promenade. There are seats everywhere, and cool ones, for they are of marble. There is ample shade, and generally a refreshing sea-breeze.

Of course, in an Italian garden, you find statues—good or bad, excellent or indifferent—there must be statues; even in the little miserable patches of green in the houses of Pompeii, there are statues left to show how far back you may trace this taste for the "stone ideal;" and that Cockneyism existed in all times. There is one house in Pompeii where the mimic cascade and figures of indecent-looking men and boys, with ducks and dogs, are all about the fountain.

In the Villa Reale are copies of many of

* Bell.

the first works of art; they are not exactly copies, nor are they caricature resemblances; they will not strike the visitor with admiration, especially if he has visited the marbles in the Studj; but, good or bad, they relieve the view; and as small gardens, abounding in flowers, are planted at their base, they are far from objectionable. I do not know any city in Europe possessing such a walk as this. It might be imitated along the Marina at Palermo, with some success; but there is no money for improvements. Every farthing is taken to pay for the twelve thousand troops the government place there, to keep the Palermitans in order. Bell finds fault with the Villa Reale, because it is devoid of the slightest undulation—it is perfectly level. I do not see how it could be remedied with advantage. There is not a gayer street than the Chiaja; it is the Hyde Park of Naples, and the Champs Elysées of Paris. It is crowded with elegant equipages every evening, whilst the Villa Reale, which forms the southern boundary of the Chiaja, is the general resort of the promenaders at the same hour; then it is very animated, and very beautiful. When the sun sets, every Neapolitan hastens away. They

have an idea that being near trees in the evening is unhealthy. The sun is their divinity, and, in the selection of a house, you are reminded, by those who have apartments to let, and have the benefit of the sun, of the Italian proverb, at least in Naples, "Dove non viene il sole, viene il medico." After dusk the Villa Reale becomes a dark and dangerous walk; formerly it was lighted, but, since the Revolution, the gas lamp *posts* alone remain Nocturnal attacks are not uncommon; even at five o'clock in the evening, when it was scarcely dark, an English gentleman was set upon by three men, on the most public part of the Chiaja; and had he not in his youth benefited by instruction in the noble art of boxing, he would have fared very indifferently. When Neapolitans do attack you, they are not restrained from the use of the knife by any high standard of morality. There are always dark shadows prowling about the trees, and, in spite of the sentinels, the place should be avoided. Murray in error says, "the gates at each end are kept open all night;"—I should be sorry to make a personal experiment to ascertain the fact.

It is in the morning, in the cool delicious air, that these gardens are the most enticing;

and often and often have I watched the sparkling sea, and gazed with admiration on the magnificent view, before half the eyes of Naples were unclosed; for the Neapolitans of the higher order make a great inroad into the day before they honour it with their presence; they dine early, then drive until dark, and then in reality begin their day. You are not very likely to be incommoded by many acquaintances in your morning walks.

I was seated in one of the shady retreats, reading Dumas's wonderfully-clever, but excessively-exaggerated account of Naples, in his Corricolo, when a gentleman passed me. I was so intent upon the book, that I did not notice him, more especially as the chance of meeting an acquaintance was unlikely. He passed, and I read on; but when I had finished the chapter, I looked round me, as much to recover my eyes, as to change the view. Not far from me, with his eyes fixed upon me, was the tall, thin, wizen-faced man, with the white hair, who had daguerreotyped me at the king's ball. There was an air of deep melancholy upon him, and however imposing he might have looked in his uniform,

he looked the very reverse in his morning garb.

The man had sharp, intellectual eyes, and was the picture of one whose life was not frittered in idleness, but rather worn by study. He had never spoken to me at the palace—we were complete strangers—excepting, that as he was a Neapolitan, and invited to the court, I knew he must be of those whose birth entitles them to respect. Our eyes met with the familiarity of old acquaintances; how often that occurs—and those we meet often we fancy we know, or think we ought to know. I believe, in the first moment of uncertainty, I bowed, for the stranger returned it, and he advanced to the seat. I rose, but was soon reseated, with the stranger at my side. A well-bred man is never at a loss how to begin a conversation, and he has no need of resorting to the English title-page of dialogue, by commenting on the weather, or of Sterne's plan of the snuff-box.

There was considerable ease in the manner in which he broke the formal ground by adverting to the palace, and the laugh with which I expressed my feelings, when the servants of

the Marquis de Lorenzo de l'Univers were called.

"It was a grand ball," I resumed, as I felt inclined to draw my acquaintance into a conversation; "the palace is a noble and vast structure—the rooms lofty and well arranged, and last, and not least in the minds of my countrymen, who are called Messrs. Rosbif in France, the supper was magnificent."

"I can imagine a stranger," the thin man replied, "being pleased with such royal entertainments. It is with you a matter of pleasure, but it is not every one who is obliged to obey a summons, who feels the lightness of heart of him who can refuse or accept the invitation—we are obliged to go."

"And no great hardship, either," I retorted; "there is no very great misfortune in being obliged to go to a palace for a quarter of an hour, to make a bow to a sovereign—hear good music—see pretty women—have delicious refreshments, and enjoy a magnificent repast."

"And cannot you understand," said the stranger, "that a man may possess feelings which the royal eye rather aggravates than appeases; and where to eat of the bread, or

drink of the wine, would revolt more than satisfy. In your proud country, where men walk erect, fearless and free, I can comprehend your satisfaction at an entertainment of which you partake, from your own pleasure. But for a slave to hear music in a royal room, whilst the very chains, which may by one move of the finger be made to encircle his legs, clank under the window, is not very cheering. I have more than one relation dear to me, who has not breathed one breath of freedom's air for years, and why they are imprisoned, neither they, nor I, can imagine."

"The victims of that odious system of espionage," I said.

"Perhaps worse—the victims of jealousy; in this wretched country, to be esteemed wise, is to be believed dangerous. Tyranny is best supported by ignorance; when once the mind of man unfolds itself—when once his ideas can circulate freely, he knows his own power, and imparts the feeling of strength to others. Then liberty is the result—personal liberty—that liberty which gives a joy to life, and renders the home of the subject his castle; that which cannot be broken into but by law and legal authority. But," he continued, laying

his long, lank finger upon mine, "this instant I might be seized and imprisoned for years, and never know for what I was incarcerated. In your happy country the press is the safeguard of your liberty, a shield against tyranny—a power which has overthrown tyrants, and which protects the innocent. Here not a word can be published; if you are in prison, there you must lie and rot—who ever dares to invoke public opinion, would soon have to wear that red or yellow jacket."

"But if the oppression is such, why do you not leave the country, and seek another, where this tyranny does not exist?"

"For two reasons: firstly, all I have in the world is here; secondly, I could not escape, if I felt inclined. Do you know, that in this wretched country—an inhabitant of La Cava, for instance, may have to wait a month before he can get his passport to even visit Naples—we cannot stir as you stir. I see you scarcely comprehend this, so adverse is it to the liberty of an Englishman; and rest assured, if I had not seen your uniform, and learnt from others your name—not altogether unknown here—I should not have ventured upon this conversation."

I made an inclination of the head, as much as to say, "You have nothing to fear, although the atmosphere seems to have ears."

"No," he said, "of the few who pass, perhaps not one understands a word of French; it is too early in the morning for the butterflies of society—alas! they are not so innocent as the poor insect to which, from their idleness and wantonness, I have likened them. Here tyranny is maintained, because the public opinion cannot be heard. Your countryman, Gladstone, awakened Europe to the despotism, the injustice, the mockery of the trial which condemned Poerio. But how few here have ever read, or could read the work; and who dares to say aloud he has read it? It is prohibited; the very acknowledgment of having seen it, might be sufficient, with such a prefect of police as we possess, to make it a crime, of which he would judge, however illegal. Pshaw! — what is legal, what illegal here,—where there is no law, no justice—where the judges are venal, and where they dare not assert what they know to be right?—what is law?"

"You are not one jot worse off than the French," I replied; "nay, not so bad, for they

boast of their civilization and talent, and *hear* of the oppression, and yet cannot relieve the oppressed. I pity you, I despise them; they were free, that is, they possessed that whole-some freedom which renders a man's life and property safe. They gave all—every tittle of what they had gained through seas of blood; they gave up everything without the shadow of a struggle, and made one man their master —and well he rules them. They have no pity from me; men, who for the sake of a few francs, and perhaps a few, very few years' enjoyment; who can only secure order by despotism, and who relinquish what they envy in us, are not worthy of compassion. You are in a different position, and may be allowed that most uncharitable word, *Pity!*"

"Ah, pity!" he retorted, "that is almost worse than disdain. But I will be just; I acquit the king of many things laid to his charge. Here there is no government; no-thing is done which is not *obliged* to be done; but, as in all absolute governments, all that is good is always attributed to the king, so ought he to bear all that is bad—but he does not know what occurs."

"And how then are we ever to arrive at the truth?"

"Time! time! when we, who suffer, are all dead and gone, then those who can have no interest in us may read what oppression we suffered. I should like to give the European world some idea of what has passed."

"Publish it," said I, "in England."

"And how is that to be done, when I cannot leave this country? I thought," he said, "that you might, perhaps, assist me; for I have enquired much about you. I see you everywhere, and I know you are anxious to arrive at the truth. I believe no man in Naples can better assist you than I can; will you allow me to contribute my thoughts to your studies? When we meet again," he continued, "I will offer to your perusal what I have already prepared. I know you are here every morning, or that you go to Mr. Durante's reading-room, for this is not the first or the tenth time that I have sought the pleasure which this day I have experienced."

I bowed, he withdrew. I never asked his name—I knew he could do me no harm, even if he was a spy, and I anticipated much benefit from the perusal of his work. Musing on

the strange scene just passed, I wandered by the statues, and passed unheeded the flowers, making my way to the reading-room; and I should be very ungrateful if I did not mention, in the warmest acknowledgment, the kindness, civility, and attention of the proprietors of those rooms. If any paper ever does come to Naples, it will be found here; but Madame Durante cannot be held responsible for the numerous quarantines of his Majesty, or the freaks and fancies of the post-office. If any man in Naples imagines he will get either his letters or his papers regularly, he labours under a strange mistake; and, perhaps, after sending to the Poste Restante eight times without success, the ninth may bring to observation a letter which, by the post-mark, has been in the box two months. This occurred to a friend of mine, who, when he remonstrated, was cut short by a request for the postage, and not to block up the window—as for redress! save your time, and pocket the injury.

It was about a week after this interview above related, that I was honoured with another. I generally after my walk frequented

the same seat, and passed an hour with my book.

"I should like you," began the stranger, after the usual preliminary usages of society, "to understand my feelings. I am a Neapolitan, and love my country. I am quite aware of the immensity of her misfortunes. I am a Catholic—I would rather my country perished, as it is now perishing, than have the foot of the foreigner here. Italy was once great, we can never be great again; but we can be respected, and, I hope, beloved. You will not find in these pages any acrimony of feeling; you will find an honest, fair account—you will see I have not shrunk from the difficulties of Poerio's case, or the misfortune occasioned by the revolution. You will recognise here, that I have been behind the scenes, and seen the puppets played; and, however much in some parts I may have spoken out, you will see I have still a respect and veneration for my king. I have necessarily been obliged to begin far back, to arrive at the present time. Read it at your leisure —publish it, if you feel inclined—it is enough for me that I entrust the manuscript to an Englishman." He held out his hand, and I

took it cordially—he turned suddenly from me, and walked slowly away.

I never saw him from that moment, and feel happy now, that no inadvertence of mine can ever compromise him. These papers constituted a sketch of Italy under nine different heads, as will be seen hereafter; they were written in French, and on my arrival in Paris, that centre of civilization!! I was told that the work could not be published there, as it was political, and touched upon revolutions! Hail, blessed Freedom!—even the "Parisian Sights and French Principles, seen through American Spectacles," were seized and prohibited. It is clear in all tyrannies, Truth is kept at the bottom of her well, and no one dare draw her up; an absolute power is generally founded on falsehood, and upheld by bayonets and secrecy—when the light of Truth dawns, the regal mockery falls.

I can only do but slender justice to the stranger, and keep my own promise by giving a translation, which necessarily weakens the effect, although every sentence may be substantially correct; I, therefore, leave my reader to imagine the beauties of the Villa Reale, its pleasing shades, its numerous fountains, and

its various statues, and offer to the public the opinions of one who was well versed in his country's history, its wrongs, and its oppression—but who evidently wrote with the sword of Damocles hanging over his head; and even now watches, lest the hair should snap which supports it.

CHAPTER XII.

MODERN ITALY—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS CHARACTER.

"SIR,—It is far from my intention to arrogate to myself the science of the discovery of men's talents or feelings at first sight; but as lovers experience a certain pulsation of the heart when they meet, so I felt an inward glow of animation when I first cast my eyes upon you at the king's ball. I soon learnt you were an author; and I am certain I am not deceived, when I imagine you are not inclined to hazard remarks at first sight, but willing and anxious to know and hear the truth.

"I come before you with my ideas—I offer them to you.

"I am sure you do not possess the vulgar prejudices of many writers or readers, but

that you are fully disposed to weigh and consider my remarks; and thus, either to discard them as worthless, or circulate them as useful. In proportion as my convictions are profound, so is the impartiality of my mind. I love my country, but I am not the less aware of her sufferings—nor am I inclined to conceal her misfortunes.

"The Prince Metternich, in an address to the different powers, towards the end of 1847, in endeavouring to ward off the storm of revolution, mentioned Italy as a geographical expression.* I will beg you to understand, 'my country' as 'Italy according to geography;' and to assist you in your researches I will speak more particularly of Naples, for her laws, manners, and customs, make her, politically, a separate country.

"But first a few words upon Italy generally. Is there an Italian people? what is the characteristic type? what are the vices? has Italy any virtue? Such are the preliminary questions which arise spontaneously, in one form or another, in him who would study a country. I will endeavour to develop my ideas.

* "L'Italie est une expression geographique."

"1st. Does Italy possess a people—that is, one united people?

"If any man will study the history of the past, the different people who have colonized the coasts, the various races, and denominations, and tribes who have peopled Cisalpine Gaul (Piedmont), Insubria (Milan), Etruria (Tuscany), &c.—when one recalls the Greek, Tyrian, Carthagenian, and others who have inhabited Calabria and Sicily—when the various people who, since the fall of the Eastern empire to the present day, have invaded, divided, and possessed Italy—he will pause before he recognizes, in such heterogeneous masses, the possibility of an united Italian people.

"But, on the other hand, reverting to the Roman empire, and to the first foundation of a faith still acknowledged, and held intact by all Italy, even under the yoke of schismatic conquerors, that faith which acknowledges Rome as its head—to the common language of Italian states, the common interests, the history common to all of misfortunes and outrages—when it is recalled to mind that the same cry which yesterday was heard in victory at Legnano, was to-day suffocated on the

fields of Lombardy; when the same cry was uttered from the lips of the Piedmontese, the Lombards, the Venetians, the Toscans, the Romans, the Neapolitans, the Sicilians, it becomes a question not lightly to be disposed of, 'Is there an united people in Italy?'

"In the supposition, then, that there does exist some characteristic type, where is the union of features which gives it a physiognomy? Here is a problem, of which the solution is difficult enough; but a difficulty must not frighten us;—we must face the question with courage.

"Let us look in the higher grades of the higher order of things in the sciences, arts, and literature. We will glance at the ancient history before we quote the modern. Beginning with the first dawn of Christian civilization, without embarrassing the subject by reference to pagan Rome, and tracing the history through even the invasion of barbarians, all that existed in the world of art, science, and literature was to be found in the cloisters of Monterassino. Italy enjoyed this proud preeminence until the fourteenth century. In her was the light and the life of civilization; and here we may begin to trace those features

which beam throughout the nation, and give to it a certain individuality. In vain were the men of those days conquered, oppressed, or divided; they arose again in all the freshness of youth in the Lombard and Florentine republic, in sacerdotal Rome, or the dukedom of Salerno.

"It is here we recognize in the people of Italy, so vastly different in their governments, a seal of the existence of an united people. More glorious, but not less unfortunate times succeeded; Florence, Genoa, Amalfi, Pisa became republics. Rome, Pavia, Milan, Calabria, subjects of masters vastly different, yet the whole, until the days of the reformation, possessing those most distinguished in philosophy, science, and art. In Dante, Thomas d'Aquino, Galileo, and others, the truth of the preceding is confirmed.

"It was now the spirit of reform invaded the schools. It was the contest between the empire and the church, Guelfism and Gibellism, a contest between faith and thought, a blind obedience, or the right of examination after truth.

"The challenge came from the north. Italy, although much divided in opinions, and also

from personal interests, at once took the side of faith. If this arose from servility, from a national feeling, from philosophy, better or worse, it imports little; but divided as they were in every other respect, in this they were united. It is here clear to demonstration that, in philosophy as in religion, they followed a path trodden by all parties, and literature and the arts followed. Art devoted itself to religion, but was not free from the corruption which had crept in; and it is thus may be explained in Raphael the celestial beauty of his 'Holy Families,' and the voluptuous allurements of his 'Galatea.' In Caracci, the religion exemplified in his 'Descent from the Cross,' and the lascivious expression of his 'Venus.' Michael Angelo, the personification of a genius free and independent, one moment builds the cupola of 'Christ's temple upon earth,' and the next directs the construction of the fortifications of the threatened Florentine republic, without prostituting—'né scarpello, né pennello.' In literature, the unity was still more striking; bear witness Tasso, Ariosto, Machiavelli, Porzia, Pallavicino, Muratore, Bartoli, &c.—enough in themselves to furnish

libraries. In the sciences, I name but one—a Colossus of Italian genius—Galileo.

"After the theological contests, began those of philosophy, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Scepticism began with its mockery to undermine the social order. In the lassitude of morals, which heralded the degeneration of the arts, Italy would have sunk into insignificance, but for the appearance of occasional genius—such was found in Giovanni Vico, who may be said to have erected the scaffolding of the immense building of Political Economy.

"France, excited by its philosophers, wavered from its former faith, and began, in political agitation, the endeavour to find the solution of the great question, 'What government can best unite order and liberty?' Through what seas of blood and crime have they not waded? What savage barbarism have they not committed? What acts, repulsive to Christianity, have they not consummated, from the decapitation of their innocent king and queen, to the butchery of the Princess Lamballe; or the burning by a slow fire, made slower by damp straw, a poor girl, of twenty years of age, cutting off her breasts, and

slashing her skin with red-hot sabres? Who can wonder that the heart of an aristocrat was a delicate morsel, or the blood of a countryman a delicious nectar? And to what end?—after eighty years, to return to the very tyranny from which they endeavoured to escape!

"The civilization of France dates from the middle ages; she was of Christian origin. She abolished, at different times, slavery, barbarism; the great feudal injustices, the inequality of the laws in reference to the different classes; and far better would she have persevered in that path of enlightenment and civilization, if false philosophy had not opposed her march, and corrupted the morals of the king and the people. Alas, for her poor queen! There is a record in the books of the expenses of the parish of the Madelaine—'Paid seven francs for the coffin for the widow Capet.' Enough of this:—let us see if, in the revolution of 1793, Italy did not maintain that moral union which I have to claim for her up to that date. Those who, like me, have their hair silvered with age, have seen, or can judge, as if the scene passed before their eyes, how often, in the moment of vic-

tory by the legions of the French republic, or of the first consul, or emperor, have the words, '*Italian* union,' 'the kingdom of *Italy*,' 'Carbonarisme,' 'young Italy,' &c., been uttered. Literature was then in danger, but a host of writers, at the head of which shines Vittorio Alfieri, raised a cry of indignation which vibrated through the whole Peninsula; and then arose Pietro Giordani, Fosiola, Monti, and, later, Giacomo Leopardi, to place firmer upon the brows of unfortunate Italy the laurels which nigh threatened to fall.

"There is then an Italian people; but how is it they are disunited? Paradoxical as it may appear, although there is an unity of the whole, the individuality is patent, and that which morally unites them, politically severs them; that individuality which occasions a man to occupy himself with himself, more than with society, operates in divers manners; the man becomes more prone to think than to act; he works alone, rather than co-operate with others; his ideas are not those of his neighbour; and throughout all Italy, it is very hazardous to participate in political propositions.

"The hatred and rivalry of various states,

cities, municipalities, and provinces arises from this very want of union, which is rendered more impossible to overcome; nay, the very necessity of the individuality, from the strict surveillance, is a bar few dare overleap. It is easy to trace all the faults and the errors of the Italians, ancient or modern, to this source. The wars and destruction of the republics, their want of success in their wars with other nations, the slavery of almost the whole Peninsula, the bitter hatred of families which led to the worst of all wars—civil wars—the ignorance of the lower orders, and the superstition which invariably accompanies ignorance, may all be traced to this individuality, and to the little popularity of the greatest writers, which the multitude cannot comprehend, and who are thus left without a guide. Even if the doctrine is the clearest, each man is more inclined to follow his own imagination, however wild, than associate himself to the opinion of others; and hence arises the difficulty of any great national or Italian attempt at liberty.

"In regard to modern Italy, or Italy of the present day, so much has been written, and so much said, so much vaunted of its efforts,

hopes, and apprehensions, that it is useless to enter into any narration of events. It will be sufficient to glance the eye of a critic over the history of modern Italy, to judge of the actual position of this peninsula, the cause of such position, and to endeavour to avert the storm which, sooner or later, threatens it with disasters.

"If we search in the pages of the modern historians, we shall find that the liberal writers ascribe the revolution to which Italy has latterly been subjected, to the brutal tyranny at Palermo as at Milan, at Naples as at Florence; the self-declared conservatives find its cause in the weakness of the different governments, the ignorance of the masses, the demoralization of all—thus engendering civil war. The more serious historian declares that the feeling or thirst for independence was originated from the internal mismanagement, and by the knowledge of increased European civilization around them.

"It would, perhaps, be imprudent to follow implicitly either of these historians; it may be advanced, that seldom, before the revolution, had Italy been more leniently governed. Rome had opened her gates to political exiles

of other countries. Toscany, long previously, had allowed a liberty to the press which often bordered on licentiousness; Naples made advances in the maxims of free trade; Piedmont raised her head against the pretensions of Austria, and obliged her to be more lenient with the Italians of Lombardy and Venice. In the different governments, there might have been a carelessness of administration; the people might have, and did wish, a more liberal form of government; but we must search in far graver events the cause of the Italian insurrection.

"The treaties of 1815—this grand *transaction*, as the French say, between the old and the new system—gave a part of Italy to Austria; thus threatening the subjugation of the whole Peninsula to the views of this empire, without duly considering that the ideas of the Italians had been manifested in the different forms of government more or less liberal. The revolutions of Naples, Piedmont, and Romagnia, in 1820 and 1821, changed the smooth current which the congress hoped might spring from these treaties. All the insurrections failed, either from want of that unity so requisite in revolts, or the want of

energy in their leaders. On every occasion Austria interfered; and those who had raised the standard of revolt, for questions of internal administration, found that this stranger in their land, Austria, exercised her rigorous authority, and threw the weight of her power against them. Then it was that they perceived that the nationality they flattered themselves they possessed, as Piedmontese, Romans, or Neapolitans, was but an illusion; whilst this stranger, now holding a part of the Italian states, could dictate its authority, not only to them, but to their kings.

"The question of the *form* of government, which had hitherto provoked the contest, disappeared, absorbed in the greater question of national independence. And this was simultaneously agitated by all, and threatened to unite them in one common cause. Nothing binds stronger than misfortune. Writers—and writers of considerable merit—now came forth to advocate the popular cause. Knowledge, more liberally bestowed by the different governments prior to 1815, had taught the lower orders how to *think;* and that thought was kept in constant activity by the numerous authors who wrote on national independence,

and planted the seed of Liberty, which, one day or another, was sure to blossom.

"The Milanese, by far the more instructed than the other kingdoms or dukedoms of Italy, fretted under the galling yoke of Austria. Their nobility and the middle classes kept entirely aloof from any intercourse with their rulers, exhibiting a kind of mute protestation against their thraldom—eloquent and forcible even in its silence. Day after day fresh works issued from the press, all teeming with the word 'liberty'—all exciting, all warning, all fostering and nurturing the hope that the prevailing wish might be accomplished at last, when the national spirit was aroused. But, whilst despotism still reigned, a work, entitled 'La' Speranza d'Italia,' appeared. This was no hasty composition of a fiery and unruly demagogue, but the embodied thoughts of a man, much admired as a writer, much respected as a scholar and a gentleman—the *Count Cesare Balbo*.

"In this work it was argued, that in the dissolution and repartition of Turkey, Austria might take enough to satisfy her for what she could relinquish in Italy; the book had a far different effect from that, which in all proba-

bility, the author intended. It was a kind of appeal to insurrection, and was entitled by some, whose arrows of wit flew in all directions, '*Le Desperazioni D'Italia.*' It is important to mention, that the Italian writers, true to their traditions, were divided into two camps. One party were clamorous for the liberation and union of Italy through the pope, and at the head of them was the celebrated Gioberti. The other refused the interference of the pope in secular matters, and subdivided themselves into those who called for a confederation of the princes, and those who wished a republic.

"It was but a repetition of former days, the austere Guelphs and the liberal Ghibelines.

"In 1847, the Guelphic ideas maintained by Gioberti, seemed to prevail. Gioberti published a work called 'Del primato civile e morale degl' Italiane,' which met with deserved popularity; it was read with avidity, and at that epoch there were few radicals who dared to raise their voice against the powers of the pope; in secret they would maintain the ecclesiastical, but disliked the secular, power of him called Christ's vicegerent on earth.

"Great was the joy in Italy when Gregory

XVI. died, and a pope (Pio Nono) was elected, who was known to entertain liberal ideas, and who was far from being averse to what was called a progressive movement. Those who agitated in this cause were not slow to circulate such ideas. Even men cautious from experience, were led away by the bright Aurora of independence under the shield of religion. In Lombardy alone the government might remain the same; but throughout the other parts of Italy a kind of confederation of kings might ameliorate the condition of the people. Every effort was made to urge forward those governments which were progressive, but those goverments remained immovable; secret treaties existed between them and Austria, by which they were bound to maintain unaltered their respective forms of government. It became, therefore, requisite to give the semblance of obligatory acquiescence arising from the irresistibility of public opinion. It was not so difficult to effect, neither was there anything very alarming in the cry of 'Long live the Kings of reform!' By such insignificant means the most circumspect and loyal were placed on the inclined plane of political agitation.

"Towards the end of 1847, Calabria and Sicily were in confirmed insurrection; but force suppressed this revolution, although in its suppression public opinion was much in favour of those who had hazarded the attempt, insomuch that throughout Italy the various governments began to concede some rights hitherto refused. This first step led to the next: concessions were demanded—indeed, torn from the rulers; and thus by force, either of arms or of public opinion, the secret treaties were *de facto* abrogated, and constitutional governments succeeded the absolute and despotic.

"The Lombardo-Venetian territory, that which belonged to Austria, now broke out; the radicals in Switzerland had gained their point; and Italy, all Italy, seemed animated with the same views. Piedmont invaded the Austro-Italian provinces, and by repeated victories forced Austria to listen to the abandonment of some of her territory. Such feats of arms—such unexpected success—such victories, instead of inspiring prudence, bandaged the eyes of reason. They saw in their present successes but heralds of greater ones—all propositions were rejected, and but one

idea animated the whole—' the regeneration of Italy.'

"It is far from improbable that success might not have attended the endeavour, had not that particular feature in the Italian character to which I have reverted, 'Individuality,' now marred and blighted the hope. The governments had all, more or less, become constitutional; but Sicily insisted upon a separation from Naples, in spite of the United Italian dream—and the Neapolitans began to require more liberty than had been conceded already. In Rome, the clerical authority was disputed, and a secular government desired. Tuscany seemed fast verging into a red Republic. Piedmont hesitated, and temporalized at the proposition of an Italian league. Venice separated itself from Lombardy, declaring itself a Republic, and refused to acknowledge the power of Charles Albert.

"The various troops of the different governments all united in the common cause of driving the Austrians from Italy, acted independently, or, at least, without that union so requisite to success—they were all beaten in detail.

"The Piedmontese began to slacken in

their endeavours, and the enthusiasm which had animated the insurgents in their first outbreak, and which had contributed much to the several victories gained by Charles Albert, began to cool into partial indifference. At this crisis, the news of the French revolution arrived. Already were the Italians sufficiently excited with democratic and social ideas—the cup of dissension was full to the brim; and this last,last drop overflowed it. A democratic and social republic was proclaimed in that hotbed of all sedition and revolution, France; and Italy, irresolute and inconsistent, was about to follow the pernicious example.

"The Italian revolution began at Naples, for Naples seems the twin sister of France in the march of disorganization. The faithful city, as it is called, has already had thirty-seven revolutions, beside that which began on the 15th May; but it was put down, as will be hereafter detailed, and the tottering crown became firmer on the head of Ferdinand. Far different was the result in Rome and Tuscany; in both places the revolution succeeded, whilst in Lombardy this final blow to union in any cause, contributed to hasten the fall of Charles

Albert, in the sad termination of his second campaign.

"After the defeat of the Piedmontese army, and the finale of the reign of the Liberal monarch—after the establishment of the royal authority in Naples and in Sicily, Rome became the rendezvous of all the Republicans and democrats—the Pope had already fled to the Neapolitan dominions, and the city of the church became the residence of rioters. From this central point the Republicans could dispatch their emissaries to Naples, and extend their propaganda through Tuscany; from various parts of Europe came many to swell the numbers of those who held the Holy City, and who were as resolute against the supremacy of the pope in secular government, as they were against the supremacy of monarchy anywhere.

"The Catholic powers, who viewed the fall of the Pope with dismay, were unable to render the slightest assistance. France was a Republic; Spain powerless. Austria sufficiently employed in governing the Lombard provinces, which she has scarcely conquered; whilst the schismatics of Russia exulted in the fall of Catholicism, and England not discon-

tented with Italian liberalism and the fall of the pope. The golden dreams of the Republicans had been realized, when that which was least expected occurred. France, Republican France, with a president sworn before God and the French people to uphold the Republic, resolved to suppress her sister Republic of Rome, and reinstate the Pope. Who could attribute this to any other wish in a president of the name of Louis Napoleon, than that of true piety and holy religion? Louis Napoleon resolved to reinstate the pope!!

"How uncharitable a view it is in any historian to take from him who has so little morality or truth, that little; and to ascribe this invasion of the fairest part of Italy, as a footstep, the print of which was long to remain—and as a check to the power of Austria in the Italian Peninsula; or to say, that this nephew of the great continental flibustier entertained apprehensions that the social refugees might create in the Seven Hilled city a very different government from that of the head of the church. No, we are told by this President himself—and why should we discredit his word?—that it was to render the

independence and the state to the head of the Catholic religion!!

"On the 5th April, 1849, the French army of Republicans marched against the Roman Republicans. They were repulsed; negociations ensued. The struggle recommenced; Rome was besieged according to all the rules of war—the public monuments being alone respected. In due time the French Republican soldiers took possession of the Holy City, after the principal part of its defenders had retreated to lay down their arms on the republican ground of San Marino! The impartiality which is the glory of history, confirms the fact that these Republicans only abandoned the city when it was no longer tenable, and that they fought with the resolution of those who knew the blessings of Liberty, and struggled to maintain it.

"And what is now the state of Italy, and the disposition of its inhabitants? Precisely the necessary consequence of that which has been so slightly sketched in the foregoing; fears, apprehensions, regrets, suspicions, remorse, hatred, discontent as much in those who govern as in those who are governed.

"Who now shall venture to pourtray the future prospects of this soil, the inhabitants of which once conquered the world? In Piedmont, a constitutional government is maintained by the efforts of the loyal and a majority of the enlightened; but threatened by democratic tendencies, by outward enemies, and by internal irreligionists. Tuscany, in which freedom is still whispered, is kept down by the Austrians. Rome is the victim of France. Naples, although maintained by the bayonets of the Swiss—those mercenary creatures, who, born in a free soil, sell their lives for a few francs to uphold oppression and slavery!—Naples, thus upheld, is nevertheless exposed from its exterior and interior politics, and dozes in insecurity amidst dangers for ever near. Such is Italy!

"The enlightened tourists—or those who carelessly voyage—gaze on the monuments of past ages, and in the full enthusiasm of admiration, repeat the thrilling lines of a Byron, or the graceful poetry of Lamartine. Those of more vulgar minds—who return to their country neither exalted in intellect, nor impressed by fallen grandeur—give vent to spontaneous judgment, skimming merely the

surface of society, without appreciating the deep and struggling woes which agitate it below.

"It is not for me to hazard an opinion—but I fearlessly aver that I do not wish the greatness of my country, if it does not merit to be great; and that which would please me most in its glory, would be the 'aureole' of its misfortunes; that aureole renders sacred, what was only admirable.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES.

"THE foregoing clears away, as it were, the dust of ancient and the dirt of modern Italy. It is time now to speak of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which is more especially the object of your researches. If I were writing to those who it was requisite to captivate by ornament, or *entice* to consider truth, I might render the latter more seductive, by the flowers of rhetoric; but I prefer the cold style of conviction: I wish to make you participate in my feelings, aware that you will strip my writings of its ornament—as a skeleton of his covering, and only consider the cold reality. A physician justly esteemed in Europe, remarked, 'that in speaking of physic, he knew no other language than

that of mathematics;' and in speaking of politics, I know no other than history.

"Let us now pass in review what Naples *has been*. There is no other country in Europe which has groaned under foreign domination, since its political organization, more than Naples. Refer to the page of history.

"At the fall of the Western Empire, Naples shared the fate of all Italy, and was invaded by the barbarians of the North, who remained but a short time, when Naples fell under the dominion of the Eastern Empire. The possession by the Greeks was not without its advantages, for Naples retained the sacred spark of civilization which their conquerors had bestowed upon them. The stern, thoughtful character of the Greek colonists, with whom the schools of Pythagoras had been familiar, the commercial intercourse with Sicily, which island was held by the Arabs, famous for their knowledge of science and medicine, soon brought into existence the medical school of Salerno, Amalfi retained within its walls the Pandics of Justinian, which might be called the Will of ancient legislation, in favour of modern civilization; whilst Naples itself, in its philosophical discussion, again maintained

the civilization of Christianity amongst the dark hordes of savages—a rainbow over the waters of barbarism. It is requisite to quote these facts, to confirm in the minds of the inquisitive the great part which Naples once played in the theatre of the world.

"Under the sway of Frederick of Aragon, Naples shone forth in all the splendour of intellectual glory; but with the domination of the Spaniard, began the dark gloom of her misfortunes; the taste for tortures in the holy cause of religion was in full force in Spain, and Naples was commanded to erect an inquisition. An insurrection was the consequence; the people, firm in their resolution and confident in their victory, obliged Ferdinand, the Catholic of Spain, to withdraw his decree. Often as it was attempted to establish the Inquisition in Naples, so often it failed—so often was revolt victorious. And when the government of Spain, avaricious, capricious, and tyrannical, pressed too heavily with its iron hand upon Naples—the revolution emancipated the city.

"Amidst all her vicissitudes of fortune, and under the various governments of different strangers, Naples has always retained and

spread the germ of civilization. The reign of Charles III., the commencement of the present dynasty of the Two Sicilies, was a happy epoch in the page of Neapolitan history.

"When the monarch cherishes the arts and sciences, great men arise; nor were there many greater in his day than Antonio Genovesi, the first in Europe who ever lectured on social economy. He was followed by many writers of great and distinguished talent, who sought to solve the problem, and whose writings were marked as those of the Christian and philosopher.

"Charles III., being called to the succession of Spain, his son Ferdinand became king of Naples, and ruled his country with moderation; but soon appeared that host of men, victorious everywhere, the outpourings of Republican France. Ferdinand placed his army under the command of Mack, but accompanied it himself, for a short time; Mack made an opposition, and checked the invaders, but the tide of victory soon ran in favour of the French—their advance was that of the torrent sweeping away all opposition. The king fled to Naples, and there embarked

on board an English man-of-war, retired to Sicily, leaving his Vicaire Pignatelli to make the best defence which it was yet possible to make.

"The remains of the scattered Neapolitans again offered a respectable opposition; and although the whole nation was ready to revolt to oppose the invaders, the Vicaire Pignatelli, seeing the futility of further contest, capitulated at Capua, disbanded his army, and the French were soon the possessors of Naples. The city was theirs—but the fleet had been destroyed.

"Two distinct classes separated the capital—one inoculated with democratic ideas, then much in vogue; amongst these were many of the nobility, who had imbibed these liberal notions, and were not averse to the success of those opinions.

"The common people, less instructed, looked only on the actual fact, and saw in their invaders and conquerors but a horde of republicans, who had abolished religion and overthrown monarchy; and, on the arrival of the victors in the vicinity of Naples, began a succession of insurrections. Those who were believed to participate in the French cause

were sacrificed—the people were yet true to their king and their religion. Without arms, without chiefs, without the slightest military discipline, the populace opposed the entry of the French troops for three days; and much longer would the opposition have been successful, had not two of their own nobility, Ronaromana and Moliterno, Neapolitan republicans, by a well-concerted movement and surprize, seized the Castle of St. Elmo, and there planted the flag of the Neapolitan republic. The people, now placed between two fires, became the victims to a horrible carnage. Even this heroic defence has not been sufficient to save the Neapolitan people from the imputation of cowardice and want of character, by tourists, who, for fifty-five years, have frequented Naples, and who shut their eyes and their ears to the brave and gallant resistance in favour of their kings, their homes, and their religion.

"It must be admitted, that amongst those who had imbibed the French milk of republicanism, and who combated for the cause, there were many eminent for their science and literature; their names are well-

known, and their celebrity in a future day was the cause of their suffering.

"In the provinces the people still clung to royalty. Cardinal Ruffo, to whose character history will yet do justice, summoned the masses, collected together a respectable force, and advanced to re-take Naples by assault. It is here I would feign efface every word of history, for that page is red with blood, and tells the sad tale of a divided and headstrong people, each willing to attribute the blame to the other—each eager for massacre; but in these pages is the true character of the Neapolitans; and it is that character which is the object of your research, and my endeavour to pourtray with fidelity.

"It is said, there is nothing which demoralises an army more than an unmerited defeat; what, then, must be the effect on a whole people? Both parties fought with all the courage of conviction that their cause was good, both were bathed in the blood of their fellow-creatures — their countrymen. The royalists were betrayed by their own citizens, and conquered by the invaders; the republicans were betrayed by the French, and conquered by the Calabrians, and I

might add, delivered to the hands of the executioner by the English, if I did not draw a distinction between an *error*, a fault of Nelson's, and the loyalty of character which distinguishes, and proudly distinguishes, your *nation*. But such nice discriminations must not be sought for amongst a people not over-educated, and who, in the fury of the contest, saw enemies thickly placed around them, and treachery and deceit on every tongue. They knew that a capitulation had been signed and guaranteed by the commanding officer of the English squadron present, which insured the lives of the republican soldiers; they saw their leaders, in spite of this conviction, taken to the scaffold: and they judged of these facts according to their judgment.

"It is not then very astonishing that the Calabrians should have united to preserve their territory, when again, in 1806, the French invaded the kingdom of Naples. Twelve thousand troops, under Massena, found graves in the thick forest of the difficult country of Calabria; and this war to the knife was conducted, on the one hand, by a general of great experience, and on the other, by people strangers to the art of war, and

without the least military science. Wherever the French passed they left a desert, and the only apology for this is, that no sooner had they passed than an enemy rose behind them, and it became necessary to separate themselves from their indomitable foe.

"For ten years did the government of the French, under Murat, maintain itself; it is useless to call it a Neapolitan government. It was of French origin, essentially French in all its bearings and inclinations; and when it sought to become Italian, it signally failed.

"To have become essentially Neapolitan, its support should have been in the manners and customs of the people, in continued ameliorations, which by degrees might have reconciled the citizens to the changes, thus grouping around the throne of the usurper, an opinion which might sustain, and an attachment which might support it.

"The government of Murat was fairly mild —it exhibited no rampant tyranny, no vindictive jealousy; but it was too weak to resist the new political storm, which, in its union, was fast overcoming the great and ambitious Napoleon—great in his conquest, and ambitious beyond au Alexander. The Neapolitan army,

composed of the most heterogeneous assortment, had neither one common feeling, nor one common faith; turning first to one side, then to the other, without any stability of character —nurturing in itself the sure germ of demoralization and dissolution.

"In 1816, Ferdinand returned to Naples; the civic force had guarded the city from either pillage or massacre. The king maintained the French administrative organization, and from this celebrated code of laws drew abundant good. These acts, censured by some historians, appear to me wise and great; the king even retained the army of the usurper, weeding it, of course, of those who still retained an attachment to the fallen Murat.

"In four short years, that revolution, of which we have previously spoken, broke out, in 1820. In the agitation there was still much unity; the army into which Carbonarism had crept, revolted, and demanded a constitutional government, such as existed in Spain, consisting of one chamber. When the army is false to its king and its country—the first is sometimes beheaded, and the second thrown into convulsion.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STATE OF THE TWO SICILIES.

"THERE is no necessity here to dive deeply into history. It is but a few years since events have changed the destiny of many nations; but we must glance occasionally at its pages, in order to arrive at the real state of the Two Sicilies at this time.

"The Austrian army having re-established the monarchy, the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, conferred on Naples, as on all Italy, a yoke not easily borne; and every Italian was soon aware how useless it was to struggle for individual liberty, when there did not exist an independent and national liberty.

"The continued misfortunes of thirty years had contributed to divide the citizens, to lower the people, and demoralize the troops; and

throughout the whole Neapolitan society there was a moral discouragement, a want of social confidence, which indicated greater sufferings to all.

"The Neapolitan character is essentially suspicious of all civil virtue, and even the greatest action, the most worthy endeavour, cannot be appreciated; there is always some unworthy motive believed to exist, some *arrière pensée*. No man in this country is believed thoroughly honest, and hence even enthusiasm in a good cause is arrested by cynicism and ridicule; from this arises the constant habit in Neapolitans, of abusing their country and countrymen — each man endeavouring to place himself as an isolated being, hovering over society, but unwilling to resemble any one of its component parts.

"To Ferdinand I., who died suddenly, succeeded Francis I., the father of the present sovereign.

"After the re-establishment of the absolute monarchy, in 1820, a strict inquiry was made to ascertain those in the army who entertained liberal ideas, and who were impregnated with that seed, doomed, apparently, never to blossom in Naples, Liberty. By this

measure many lost their situations in the civil service, and the army, which had given the initiative to the revolt, was disbanded, with the exception of the Royal Guard. A vast number of officers of high, and of all ranks, were scratched from the list, and the Neapolitan army was formed and recruited by Swiss volunteers, to the amount of four regiments of foot and one of artillery: this proportion has since been maintained in the Neapolitan forces.

"It is evident from the state of society then existing, that the government could scarcely count upon any solid support from the people, now become divided amongst themselves, rankling in hatred and disaffection; to this must be added a large debt, contracted to pay the expenses of the war to Austria, and the army demoralized. The civil administration alone retained the elements of a reconstruction, the rest was all suspicion and uncertainty.

"In reference to the present King of Naples, I start, by premising that I presume the history of the present time is not unknown to the reader. I have no intention of writing the history myself, I only refer to facts, and shall

endeavour to trace their causes, and point out their consequences.

"So much has been written upon the character and the presumed cruelty of Ferdinand II., that, perhaps, I may arrogate to myself some courage in the course I am about to pursue. In England, particularly, very eminent writers have drawn the picture of my sovereign in such dark colours, that if I can only succeed, by an investigation into facts, to make the portrait more engaging to you, I shall partially have attained my end. To gain this point, I must necessarily examine the acts of the king's government before and after the revolution, and also to make some reference to his ministers, and to those who exercise considerable influence at Naples.

"As I have before stated, Ferdinand found, on his accession to the throne, everything adverse—a people divided in all the rancorous hatred of royalist and republican—of the betrayed and the betrayer. What civilization remained was powerless as regards the lower orders, so numerous in Naples; commerce languished, and literature was reserved to a very few. There was no military dignity in the army, and very little loyalty in the collec-

tion of the enormous taxation; there were no public works in construction; and if there was tranquillity, it arose from apathy. The best society was demoralized, and made almost a boast of immorality and idleness.

"A glance at the laws framed during the reign of Ferdinand II., will best attest his efforts to promote throughout his dominion a progressive improvement. He began by an amnesty, which recalled many political exiles; by degrees were reinstated in civil and military employments the most distinguished men who had been dismissed in consequence of the insurrection of 1820.

"These acts resuscitated the hopes of the liberal party. The French revolution, and that of central Italy, again aroused the passions of democracy to such an extent, that a minister of the crown proposed to Ferdinand, as the best means of consolidating his government, to place himself at the head of the Italian revolution, and to play that part which afterwards was fatal to Charles Albert. Ferdinand was proof against the dangerous offer; the minister was exiled, and peace and the integrity of the kingdom were maintained with-

out dwindling into weakness, or recourse to tyranny.

"Ferdinand had, during the absence of his father, Francis I., governed the kingdom as vicar-general; he had cautiously studied its condition, he had seen the danger, under Ferdinand I., of a minister possessed of all power, and he resolved to rule absolutely. Surrounding himself by a ministry composed of men sufficiently enlightened to direct the affairs, but of the most heterogeneous description; they were almost all of different opinions—it seemed the object of the king to place one in opposition to the other, and thus, by his own weight, to maintain an equilibrium. These ministers, with a trifling exception, were well qualified to conduct the affairs which were respectively confided to them, and with this ministry, which the king never changed, but the gaps of which, occasioned by death, or the necessary dismissal of *one*, were filled up, Naples was governed until 1847.

"It was a prevailing idea of the king's, never to allow any one minister to gain a preponderance over the rest, and thus to usurp a kind of absolute direction; his object was always to counterbalance one by the other,

to check the aspiration of the ambitious, and by coalescing various animosities and equal ambition, to level him who appeared to be uppermost. 'Divide et impera.' It was by the battle of the ambitious, and by their jealousies, that he hoped to arrive at the truth, and maintain the supremacy and independence of the royal power.

"To a certain extent, the king succeeded; and he governed absolutely, although under the mask of a ministry, until 1847; nay, more, until that period, he was beloved.

"The jealousy of the ministers was exhibited in their actions, which were no secret from the public. If any unpopular act was done, each minister shielded himself, and made the blame fall upon him who first proposed it, or in whose jurisdiction it fell; thus, whatever unpopularity attached to the law, it only reached the one from whom it emanated—not those by whom it was sanctioned, and never mounted to the throne. What, in England, would fall upon the whole ministry, in Naples only fell upon one, and the king did no wrong. The ministry, in fact, might be declared to govern by the ministers of police, finance, and interior. A second grade was

formed by the ministers of justice, keeper of the seals, foreign affairs, war, marine, and the presidency of the council; the latter were more numerous, but the former more powerful; and the triumvirate of power was confided to Santangelo, Deliaretto, Andrea, and afterwards Signor Ferri.

"These three ministers were as diametrically opposed to each other as words, opinions, and acts could make them. The president of the council, the Marchese de Pietracatello, a man well known from his writings on political economy, was the avowed enemy of Santangelo, and coalesced, as the case required, with either one or the other of the remaining two, endeavouring always to group around him a majority to overweigh his opinions, and, perhaps, to insure his fall; and thus, in the cabinet, there was a struggle more serious than in the chambers. It is true, under such a government the king might escape censure, but the country necessarily suffered.

"In one respect, the king stood forward and ruled absolutely; this was in regard to foreign relation with other powers; the minister of foreign affairs was a mere nominal appointment; he was there to forward the official

communications. It was impossible to place such delicate deliberations in the power of so divided a cabinet. The king alone managed that department without advice; in the famous sulphur question, of which I shall speak presently, the minister of foreign affairs had the imprudence to remonstrate; he was immediately removed, and banished from the capital.

"Each had a certain power; but that power was powerless, excepting that of Deliaretto, the minister of police, who, besides his extensive range, commanded the whole corps of gendarmerie. Another power had been created—a kind of armed magistracy; and an endeavour was made to give an influence to this class, superior to either the civil or the military power. Day by day the power of this class increased; they not only became the police themselves, but they executed the orders of the police; thus becoming, in many instances, not only the judge, but the executioner; hence an immense abuse of power arose, and with it the murmurs of disapprobation.

"Deliaretto, by the above means, exercised enormous power. It was not uncommon with

him to procure the dismission of men eminent as either civil or military judges, on the bare and ignorant report and misrepresentation of an ignorant agent of his police; consequently, he was for ever at variance with the ministers of justice and interior.

"At this time, Signor Niccolo Parisio was minister of justice, an honourable and learned man of the law, but deficient of moral courage and energy. The minister of the interior, as I have before said, was Santangelo; this gentleman represented in the cabinet the party of progressive improvement, and to him is Naples much indebted for the advancement it made. In a cabinet where ignorance insured power, Santangelo soon became unpopular, for he was most vigorously opposed to the increasing influence of the minister of police, who greatly interfered with, and in many cases paralyzed the efforts and the orders of the minister of the interior.

"The public were not slow in perceiving these ministerial combats. They saw through a mist, for nothing publicly transpired, but vague reports, aspersions, complaints, and confusions, relative to the ministry—these became the common topic of Neapolitan society—a

society kept in complete darkness. At that time, there was but one paper in the capital which dared to write on political matters; that paper was the government organ, published under the entire control of the minister of police. This powerful minister gave the strictest and most positive orders to the printer and publisher never to report any act which was popular, and which emanated from his rivals; on no account to circulate their own or the popular admiration; and this order was more particularly made absolute as regarded the minister of the interior: thus the government combatted against itself, and rendered itself unpopular.

"The president of the council, Pietracatella, animated with a certain rivalry of Santangelo and Parisio, and jealous of the powers of Deliaretto, coquetted with either party, and cleverly availed himself of both; but he was firm in his opposition to any measure emanating from Santangelo, and opposed to him the Marchese d'Andrea, who might have been styled the 'Minister of Retrogradism,' and who, in his position of minister of finance, disputed for every grano with the minister of the interior.

"At the death of Andrea, the president of the council persuaded the king to admit to his council several ministers without portfolios, and, consequently, irresponsible; by their assistance, he counted as almost certain the fall of Santangelo, his personal enemy; but still the minister of the interior held his ground; there was no contesting the benefit which arose under his administration; works of progressive improvement were visible in all directions; and some provinces, like that of Bari, for instance, became blessed with roads in all directions; whilst that which was believed impossible ever to be rooted in the country, from religious prejudices and private interest, 'public cemeteries' were established. The more good the minister of the interior did, the more requisite was his fall to his enemies; —the minister or councillors, with their patron at their head, formed a regular army of opposition.

"Unfortunately, the haughty manner of the minister of the interior contributed to swell the numbers of his opponents; a proud man is seldom beloved; he may excite envy, but rarely affection. Santangelo was now elected president of the seventh congress of Italian

savants, and be prepared to have a medal struck on the occasion; having, on the reverse, the emblem of Italy bearing a torch to enlighten the world, with the inscription 'Auspice Ferdinando II.' There was little to censure in this; but his enemies affected to discover in his discourse on the occasion, a certain liberal elasticity not at all in accordance with the opinion of those who would rather have retrograded than advanced, and which was a kind of commentary on the torch —misnamed by them—the torch of liberty. These words, turned and twisted with cleverness, were conveyed to the king, and an impression very unfavourable was produced on the royal mind. The fact is known—the king began to suspect his minister—he was no longer popular with the public, and the adage that 'Pride will have a fall,' was likely once more to be a fact. His enemies now began to persuade the king that the fall of the minister would contribute to the royal security, and that the dismission would be hailed with gratitude, and content the people; for at this time the growing popular movements had commenced, the first efforts of which were crushed both at Reggio and Messina.

"It was an evening of satisfaction when Santangelo was dismissed. The public, that weathercock which turns to every breeze, were loud in their acclamations and cries, the one half of which were acceptable, and the other alarming. 'Viva il re, *e le sue riforme*' was heard in the Largo de Palazzo, under the king's windows, and arose with the energy of well-paid clacquers from the pit of the theatres.

"The shouts were from no vulgar tongues, but emanated from the nobility and the middle classes, rather than from the mob. The lower classes soon joined in the clamour—such is mankind—mere puppets, the strings of which are pulled by higher hands. These liberal demonstrations now became frequent, especially before the palace of the pope's nuncio, in the Toledo; it was a kind of salvo of honour for Pio Nono, who at this time seemed to be inclined to place himself at the head of the Italian movement, and such acclamations were much in accordance with the opinion of those who wished to breathe an air of greater liberty. Pio Nono was not alone in his aspirations; the grand duke of Tuscany and his majesty of Piedmont seemed to dispute the popularity of the pope, and by continued con-

cessions to public opinion, force from his holiness the direction of the general Italian movement.

"On the 12th of January an insurrection broke out at Palermo; it is useless to examine the cause, it will be sufficient to state that a false idea of the independence of the Neapolitans has never failed to be the chief grievance of the Sicilians, and that the attempts to amalgamate the two people, have only tended to embitter them. The aristocracy of Sicily, very powerful, have always wished to recover their liberty and independence, and to regain the power they enjoyed under the charter given by Lord William Bentinck in 1812, and which they lost in consequence of the insurrection of 1820.

"The bad government of the viceroy, the Duc de Saint Pietro Maio, a man without the slightest energy, feeble in mind as in government; and the rigour of the commander-in-chief of the army, General Vial, combined with the clamour of the nobility, and the general movement throughout the Italian peninsula, may be sufficient to account for the outbreak.

"The King of Naples immediately dispatched his steam frigates, encumbered with troops,

commanded by General Sauzet. This general was at the head of a force, doubly strong to that which succeeded so well under General Florestano Pepe in 1820. Sauzet had a certain name, was a man of military reputation, and his troops manifested the best disposition and discipline. By a singular and fortunate event, I am in possession of the instructions received by the general, and of all the correspondence during the campaign; and this will confirm, with historical truth, all that is advanced on the present subject.

"When Sauzet arrived at Palermo—it requires but from sixteen to twenty hours to run across—the leaders of the insurgents, struck as it were by a panic, dispersed, and sought refuge on board the foreign shipping (principally English) in the harbour. Still the general did not hasten his dis-embarcation, which he effected by night; he refused to occupy the positions which had been indicated, and he took no steps to combine a simultaneous movement with the garrison of Castellamare, (a town situated to the westward of Palermo), commanded by the gallant Colonel Gross; or with the royal palace where the viceroy resided.

"The insurgents were not slow to profit by these oversights.

"It is a curious fact, that whilst the Neapolitan generals acted in this extraordinary manner, their soldiers fought with a desperation worthy of all praise, and which seems, in the general forgetfulness of good offices, to be but partially known. Not a day passed but these soldiers were obliged to traverse the city, which was occupied by the insurgents, under a shower of all sorts of missiles, to carry provisions or ammunitions, either to the garrison, or the royal palace, or the bank. In this last, confided to the protection of the royal guard, the troops maintained their position for four weeks against a people eager for its contents, and who made continual and furious attacks upon it; and when, at last, the bank capitulated, it was made over without one piastre having been purloined.

"De Sauzet, after having in vain endeavoured to negociate with the insurgents, and having been severely reproached for his negligence by the Neapolitan government, determined to beat a retreat, and retire upon Messina. I forbear to follow the unfortunate army in this most unfortunate retrograde

movement—before they had half reached their imagined destination, they were ordered to re-embark and return to Naples, and this embarkment took place from the shore of Salanto.

"The general gave orders to kill all the horses of the artillery and cavalry, an order absolutely refused to be executed by the soldiers; and it is averred, that many horses actually took to the water without being driven, and by swimming, endeavoured to follow their masters.

"Amidst the many incidents of the Sicilian revolution, there is one which I will not hesitate to mention. Several English vessels were in the roads, and amongst them the Bulldog.* From the commencement of the revolution, the captain placed himself in correspondence with the insurgents and with the royal party; he encouraged one, and intrigued with the other.

"When Castellamare bethought itself of its defences, the Bulldog anchored near the batteries. Colonel Gross requested she might move from her anchorage, because she was

* I do not hold myself responsible for any of the remarks concerning these transactions. I give only to the public what was given to me.

in an exact line with the position occupied by the insurgents, and where Colonel Gross could not fire without injuring her majesty's vessel. It was replied, that the captain guaranteed that the insurgents would undertake nothing in that place. When the Bulldog did remove, a battery was unmasked in the exact position which had been indicated by the colonel.

"Letters have been published in which the captain of the Bulldog demanded from Colonel Gross certain prisoners of war who had been incarcerated previous to the revolution in the castle, and who had not been legally condemned, and were now exposed to the bombardment of the castle. The demand was made under a promise that these men, if liberated, should not join the insurrection, and upon this plea were liberated; when they immediately made common cause against the government, and joined the ranks of the rebels.

"It is not for me to discuss if England wished, ought, or could assist the Sicilian insurgents; but I boldly and fearlessly maintain, that such conduct is detrimental to the character of a powerful nation, and that such disloyalty has too frequently been prac-

tised by officers in command of her majesty's vessels, against his majesty of Naples. It was spread throughout Sicily, Naples — nay, all Italy—that the Sicilian insurrection was encouraged and supported by England; and the English minister at Naples, far from contradicting such report, seemed more inclined to confirm it. It is impossible to say how much that idea increased the difficulty of the position, and raised the hopes and the courage of the insurgents.

"The King of Naples, seeing Sicily in the hands of the revolutionists—the progress of liberal ideas spreading over Italy, and the spirit of revolt ripe in Naples, sent to offer concessions to Sicily—they were rejected; in fact, the Sicilians seemed little inclined to listen to any propositions.

"On the 27th January, a grand constitutional demonstration took place at Naples: the king sent for his generals, and submitted to them this question, 'Is it prudent to suppress by force the present movement?'

"General Giovanni, governor of Naples, gave his opinion in the negative. He described the state of public feeling—he spoke of the preparations made to annihilate the troops,

and seemed to hazard a doubt of their devotion to the royal cause—and concluded, by declaring, that even if the revolt was suppressed, the suppression would be but momentary—that it would arise with redoubled force, to conquer the conqueror. The other generals, either from a disinclination of the danger, or from personal considerations, sided with the opinion expressed by the governor of Naples. But there was one who dared to oppose this weakness of determination; and that man was General Saluzzo, one of the king's aides-de-camp, and without contradiction the most loyal and most valiant of his servants. 'It appears to me,' he said, 'inexplicable, that with fourteen battalions of troops in the capital, with all the strong positions, not only fortified but occupied, and with an army that has shown no signs of insubordination or disloyalty, we cannot hold in subjection an undisciplined rabble, more noisy than numerous.'

"The king seemed overpowered by the temerity of his aide-de-camp, and asked him if he dared to reduce his words to writing; upon which Saluzzo unhesitatingly replied in the affirmative, and did it.

"I saw the demonstration of the 27th of January myself—it dispersed the instant that the Castle of St. Elmo gave the alarm—about one hundred persons alone remained stationary in the Largo de Castello, in front of the guns loaded and pointed at them by the artillery on guard. Two days after this innocent event, in which not a life was lost, the king solemnly promised a constitution, and gave directions to the leaders of the liberal movement, to suggest the basis of a new government; but before the proclamation of this promise by the king, his minister, Deliaretto, made a precipitate retreat, leaving his majesty to flounder in his difficult position. Although I have far more interesting subjects for your consideration, I cannot refrain from some remarks, more especially as this man is now endeavouring to breathe again the atmosphere of power.

"In his blindness, and in his eagerness to obtain the dismissal of his adversary, Deliaretto never dreamt of the revolution. He believed, in getting rid of his rival, he should obtain absolute power over the king, and rule the nation; or, in the event of a revolution, he had suggested to himself a counter revolution in the numerous corps of gendarm-

erie which he had organised with such tact and care. It was a corps well arranged, perfectly equipped and disciplined; and, moreover, devoted to Deliaretto and to his government. This was the nucleus, round which he grouped vast hordes of the lower classes, who, by their attachment to the king, by their religious enthusiasm, and, what was strange, their long-preserved antipathy to the middle classes, not to mention a certain disposition to plunder, might have counteracted the revolution. Deliaretto made no secret of his plan; nay, he confided it to the king, who, in return, presented his dangerous rival in power with a diplomatic mission to a foreign power, which the minister, after balancing between acceptation and refusal, thought it wisest and safest to become 'his excellency' elsewhere. The king, having determined to grant the constitution, saw the necessity of dismissing Deliaretto by a surprize from all power, more especially as the minister had barracked a vast number of his gendarmerie under his own windows. The minister was sent for to the palace, the case being one of declared emergency; he went without the slightest suspicion; on his entering, two aides-

de-camp placed themselves on each side of him, desiring him to follow them by a back stair-case, which leads to a place of embarcation immediately beneath the palace. He was instantly placed on board a steamer, without being allowed an interview with his family. A sum of money was placed in his hands by order of the king, and the minister, Deliaretto, in ten minutes, was ploughing his way out of the Bay of Naples. Thus, this proud man, who one hour before believed himself more powerful than the king, was conducted to the different ports of Italy where his character and intentions had preceded him. The revolutionary population hearing of his arrival, saluted him with groans and hisses, and threatening to burn the steamer, made the coast of France a desirable haven. In Naples the minister's character for honesty was assailed in the government journal; he was accused of having stolen the money from the caisse de gendarmerie, and when his reputation was sufficiently blackened to insure disgust, the ministerial journal, the same which had accused him, contradicted the statement!

CHAPTER XV.

NAPLES—THE CONSTITUTION.

"THE king, having promised the constitution nearly similar to that of France in 1830, confided the drawing up of the same to the acknowledged leader of the liberal party in Naples; thus Ferdinand II. became the first to break the secret treaty with Austria, and place himself, de facto, at the head of the Italian revolution, having taken the initiative of all the other princes, at the same time avoiding the horrors of a civil war.

"The same day of the proclamation of his Majesty's determination, the king, to test his popularity, or to repossess what previously he had lost, mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his Gardes du Corps and his etat-major, rode through the principal streets; he was

received with deafening shouts of enthusiasm and recognition ; but when he arrived in that quarter of the city called La Marinella, the local residence of the lowest orders, the scene was suddenly changed : in a moment an enormous mob surrounded the king, with a dangerous familiarity, and saluted him with expressions which manifested their displeasure at the contemplated change. ‘ We want no constitution,’ they exclaimed ; ‘ we only want a king,’ &c. The cortège saw the necessity of withdrawing his Majesty from this questionable society of rags and tatters, and by a little management of their horses, effected a retreat for his Majesty. Had Signor Deliaretto been present with his gendarmerie, this manifestation might have led to serious consequences.

“ A few days afterwards, the constitution was drawn up by the commission appointed, the principal organ of which was Signor Bozzelli ; and, saving some inaccuracies of trifling moment in the translation, the constitution of France, of 1830—it is requisite to be particular as to dates, for the French change their constitutions as often as a play-actor his coat —was to become that of Naples. We will just

cast a hasty glance upon this Signor Bozzelli and the liberal party prior to 1848, and we must divide this liberal party into several categories.

"There was a general tendency in the higher and instructed classes of society in Naples, towards a more liberal and a more independent form of government. This tendency was paralyzed by the political condition of Italy, and remained inactive from the improbability of success; there were, however, plenty of unquiet spirits, men of ambitious character, who constituted themselves the leaders of the liberal party at Naples. Without lending themselves to the wild fancies of Mazzini, they still assisted his efforts, either by secret societies, or by promulgating, by means of a clandestine press, accusations against the government, and thus producing dissatisfaction amongst the people. These men formed not, properly speaking, a club—there were rather a coterie of avocats, literary men, or cashiered officers, such as Bozzelli, Ruggiero, the two Poerios, Giacomo, Tofano, in the first class—Imbriani, Scialoia, Settembrini, for the second—and in the third,

Mariano D'Ayala, formerly captain of artillery, and professor at the Military College.

"The nobility kept aloof from this coterie, although they had organized a strong opposition in the salons of Prince Torrella; for here they censured the acts of the government, whether right or wrong; they showered their arrows of sarcasm and ridicule against the character of the king and his ministers; and the very men who were proud to have the gold key of a chamberlain dangling to the pocket-hole of their coats, were the loudest in their obloquy of their master. Foreign ministers of other countries were present, and certainly did not check, but rather lent a willing ear to the cutting sarcasm of wit, or the more vulgar abuse of the sovereign.

"The above are of the first category of Neapolitan liberals, in their rear came others of a different caste; for instance, Signor Bozzelli was expatriated in 1820; he was amnestied by the king, and allowed to return to his family. On his return to Italy, he had the gratification of seeing the general admiration in which his work 'Sur la Poesie Hebraique, &c.' was held, and which admiration was somewhat enhanced by the known liberal

views of the author. The minister of the interior gave him some law-suits to defend, and assisted him in his nomination as a member of the Academy of Science, which gave the impoverished lawyer some twelve ducats, or two pounds sterling a month: this preliminary sketch is requisite to estimate his conduct and his position.

"Directly the constitution was drawn up, Bozzelli was esteemed the best man to form a constitutional ministry, and found himself surrounded by his coterie, all of whom were clamorous for situations as ministers, and could be but half contented with such places as the head of a district or province (intendente), which was given them under the promise to constitutionize (constituzionalizare) the people.

"All the Fathers of the Country seemed more intent upon the loaves and fishes of office than of its duties, and their first efforts were devoted to obtaining situations; notwithstanding they themselves had vilified the former government for its corruption, and for its custom of bestowing upon one man several situations, they did not hesitate, with the clutch of greediness, to seize all they could for

themselves. Thus Giacomo Tofano managed to accumulate no fewer than five different situations, and thus encouraged the cancer his previous patriotism had sought to cauterize.

"Bozzelli, Poerio, and afterwards Saliceti, Imbriano, and Scialoia became ministers—D'Ayala, Tofano, Settembrini, were one the intendente, the other prefect of police, councillor of the Court de Cassation, colonel of the national guard, and held a few other good situations.

"Revolutionists are never slow at legislation, *after* they have secured their appointments: now came the law relative to the liberty of the press, the mode of election, voters, &c., and that relative to the national guard, with scores of others.

"The country viewed with astonishment the rapid course of events. Left without a competent police, or moral bridle to check the rising immorality, and subject to the control of the minority, which marched with a rapid step, to insure its success, it soon began to turn its tide of joy into the wider channel of apprehension, in the prospect of anarchy and civil war. The press no sooner free, than it became licentious; and although the private

character of each person was declared sacred, this organ of mischief when unrestrained, and this best defender of a nation's rights when honourably and truthfully conducted, became lavish of its unmerited abuse; and, under the eyes of a government quite strong enough to restrain its scandal, the most infamous libels were vended against the principal personages of the country by the rabble, who shouted out the abuse in the public streets.

"The Jesuits had been turned out of Genoa and Sardinia—the Neapolitan clubs decreed the same expulsion from Naples; before their respective abodes, were constantly a mob of people urging their departure; the national guard participated in this movement, and far from discouraging, assisted it—nay, a considerable mass of these misnamed national guards sought Bozzelli, and demanded the immediate execution of the national will. They then opened the doors of the Jesuits, and with the national guard at the head of the mob, dispersed the pupils of the College of the Nobles, and forced the Jesuits pêle mêle into the rooms; here they were strictly guarded and watched until the next morning, when they were marched off in a long train,

like prisoners of war, through the various streets, subjected to the hue and cry of the lower orders, and finally shipped off, like so much lumber, on board a steamer.

"It is useless to enter here into the general disposition manifested against the whole body of the Jesuits; but it is clear they were citizens of their respective states, and the law which protected the other citizens, should have protected them: they had the common right accorded to all, of being judged according to the constitution or law of the country where they had resorted, and should not have been exposed to this summary ejection, as barbarous as it was unjust. The fact shows how little revolutionary bodies respect the law of their own making, and how little confidence can be reposed in the government.

"The lower orders, seeing the weakness of the rulers, and knowing, from the easy expulsion of the Jesuits, their own strength, continued to set the laws at defiance, and began with that of the press; in this all control was lost. Papers, such as the 'Mondo Vecchio,' and 'Mondo Nuovo,' defied all limits of restraint, and were filled with abuse, defamation, and threats. The wildest theories were

advocated, the most extravagant notions discussed; and whilst Naples was in this state of chaos, the news of the French revolution arrived, and added more dangerous fuel to the yet blazing fire. The press immediately proposed the following argument—'that it was clear to demonstration, that the charter of 1830 did not give sufficient guarantee for the liberty of the subject, as the French had overthrown that charter by the present revolution; it was obviously necessary for the Neapolitans to modify theirs, and to follow their masters, the French, in the great and glorious work of reform; and that, consequently, the peerage must be abolished, universal suffrage established; and as by the constitution no law could emanate from the king, a constitutional assembly was demanded.'

"Bozzelli, liberal as he was, was not liberal enough; he was succeeded by others who were of all radicals the most radical, and amongst these were Troya and Scioloia. The programme of these ministers was liberal to liberalism — emeutes, which the considerate call demonstrations, either dictated the law to the minister, or aided him in his changes.

"Order and authority were lost in these tur-

bulent times; a hint led to the act: thus a casual remark upon the tyranny of Austria, lit up the fire of vengeance in the Neapolitans. The Austrian arms were torn from the Austrian minister's house, and burnt in the Largo Vittoria; and Prince Felix Schwartzenberg, the Minister Plenipotentiary, narrowly escaped insult. Having done this valiant deed, it was considered by the rulers of the State—the sovereign people—absolutely necessary to send some volunteer corps into Lombardy, to assist in the war already began against Austria; and furthermore, they insisted and obliged the king to send a division of troops to assist in the same cause.

"If Naples was in a bad state, the provinces were worse, and the effect of the mob rule was such, that it was followed elsewhere. A general agitation prevailed all over the country. To levy the taxes was a work of no common exertion—private and personal hatred—revenge aggravated the list of enormities and crimes—the people revived everywhere their contest against what they called feudal possessions, and reclaimed their properties which they declared had been usurped—although long since the feudal rights had been abolished,

and a commission had settled the rights of property. A circular from the new minister, written in all the confusion of republican terrors, had seemed, according to the opinions of the people, to encourage these reclamations; and in many provinces, the sovereign people, with the national guards, drums, colours, &c., at their head, undertook the pleasing employment of dividing the private property of others, and realized, to the full extent, the Agrarian Law, and the rights of communism.

"In the meantime, the day fixed for the opening of the Chambers drew near; every day witnessed fresh demonstrations, and fresh tumults occurred in the city. The garrison, weakened by the absence of the troops sent to Lombardy, were kept continually on the move, either as patrols with the national guard, or changing their bivouacs from place to place. The streets were crowded with suspicious people, who discussed aloud the necessity of further reforms, and by every means in their power excited to insurrection an already excited people.

"The 14th May came at last, the day which preceded that determined upon for the opening of the Parliament—a day which, in other

cities, such as Paris, Vienna, Prague, Milan, &c., was passed in preparation of insurrection, more or less terrible, more or less decisive.

"At Naples, a vast number of the deputies met in the Sala de Monteoliveto: the object of this meeting was to deliberate whether the chambers ought to administer the oath in reference to the constitution, in the words promulgated by the king, without reserving the right of reforming and remodelling such constitution. Here it is necessary to make some remarks upon the deputies and their elections, as these are not without interest, and may explain some facts which followed.

"The electoral law concocted by Bozzelli and company was, with some trifling exceptions or variations, almost a literal copy of the French electoral law. The elections had taken place during the time of the greatest possible revolutionary excitement; and in those days, such was the preponderance of feeling, that men like myself, ocular witnesses of these scenes, will attest that the greater part of the electors abstained from voting, and those who did vote, voted under fear and apprehension. The successful candidates, with a few honourable exceptions, were gene-

rally those of the most radical liberalism, men seeking popularity, and cutting a road to their own advancement.

"Assembled at the Sala Monteoliveto, they declared themselves en permanence, and entered into negociations with the king and his minister, assuming the right to modify the constitution; and in plain language, to have but one chamber—a constituent assembly—the national assembly of France.

"The king, for some time, resisted this subversion of the constitution, and turned to his ministers for support; but in these he found not only opposers to his views, but enemies to himself. He was forced partially to yield, and he consented that the chamber of deputies should develop (Svolgere) the constitutional law. The interpretation of this word gave rise to angry discussions at Monteoliveto—the moderate members withdrew, leaving the field of argument to the more violent. The debates continued the whole night of the 14th. The most factious,—such as La Cecilia, a secretary of the young Italy club, a chief in the department of the minister of the interior, and captain in the national guard; Romeo, a man once condemned to death, with others of the

same honourable fraternity,—assembled at Monteoliveto, at the head of a turbulent and disorderly mass, composed of the most revolutionary of the national guard of the capital, some Calabrians, Salernitans, &c. They were eager to act, and beat 'the general.'

"The troops, immediately upon this demonstration, received orders to bivouac in the principal parts of the city, in order to suppress the insurrection, which now seemed imminent. The deputies were in confusion worse confounded when La Cecilia burst into the Sala, and announced, in concise language, that the troops were marching to disperse the deputies —that the liberty, the country was in danger —and that it was time to resist, by force, the growing tyranny. A scene of inexplicable riot followed this announcement; the Neapolitans, Calabrians, violent demagogues, and rustic rioters, began to barricade the Toledo, and the approaches to Monteoliveto. The troops, having no orders to oppose this movement, did not interfere, and even allowed one barricade to be erected almost in front of the palace, and within a few yards of the battalions of the royal guard, who were encamped in the Largo St. Ferdinando.

"The king, duly informed of this revolutionary movement, assembled the colonels of the national guard, the mayor of Naples, and the most influential of the deputies, and urged these notables to endeavour to persuade the insurgents to relinquish their illegal proceedings, to remove the barricades, and to desist from their insurrection. The king also sent to the factious assembly at Monteoliveto, and with great moderation in his demand, requested, rather than ordered, that the above proposition to the insurgents might be forwarded. The answer was short and resolute,—'Let the king give orders for the troops to retire.'

"The king did not hesitate a moment; the troops received orders to retire to their barracks, an order which was executed immediately. But although the king gave this order, on the express understanding that the propositions addressed by the mayor, colonels, and influential deputies, should be complied with, no such compliance occurred; the barricades remained, and no one stepped forward to effect their removal. The retirement of the troops was mistaken by the revolutionary party at Monteoliveto; and what was intended as a pacific movement, was construed into

weakness, irresolution, defeat. The victory believed, if not gained, at least, probable, the refractory and unconstitutional deputies, for all their proceedings were clearly illegal, advanced a step farther; and having voted the following resolutions, despatched them to the king: 1st. The withdrawal of all the troops from the capital. 2nd. To place all the fortified places in Naples in the hands of the national guards. 3rd. Uncontrolled power in the chambers to reform the constitution; and lastly, the Chamber to become a national assembly, constituting a provisional government.

"The king perceived his error; the troops immediately occupied the places which they had previously abandoned during the night, and which were the Largo de Palazzo, in front of the king's palace, and the Largo del Castello Nuovo; the troops amounted in these two positions to eight battalions, the Swiss troops, and the 4th of the Royal Guard. The cavalry were massed along the Strada de Gigante, and two batteries of artillery were divided between the Largo de Castello Nuovo and the Largo de Palazzo.

"Several officers urged upon the king the

necessity of immediate action. The mayor and the influential deputies pointed out the hopelessness of coming to any possible arrangement with men who believed in their superiority, and who had dictated such terms; but the king still thought he could gain his end without resorting to force, and he allowed a company of Chasseurs to go *without arms* to remove the barricades of St. Ferdinand; they were received by threatening demonstrations, and the insurgents, levelling their muskets, the unarmed Chasseurs thought it prudent to retire. About eleven o'clock, a shot was fired from the vicinity of St. Ferdinand, which led to a general engagement between the opposing forces.

"It has long been, and for ever will remain a subject of dispute, which party fired the first shot. The insurgents declare the challenge came from the troops, whilst on the other hand it is maintained that the soldiers were carelessly sitting down on their haversacks, and most certainly were not drawn up in order of battle; this is confirmed, as far as probability can give confirmation, by the confusion in which they were thrown before they could be brought to form a line; they then began the

offensive, whilst the troops in the Largo de Castello commenced also to fire.

"The king was much moved on seeing this general engagement; he had short time for his reflections, for some of his ministers entered, and requested him to order that a retreat should be beat. His majesty had the good sense to refuse, for an acquiescence would have been fatal to his throne; and on the king declining to give any such order, Signor Scialoia, forgetting all respect for his sovereign, said, 'That he was sorry to see his king a tyrant.' The Count del Balzo, husband of the queen-mother, was a spectator and a witness to this disreputable insult.

"By sunset the battle was over—the troops had conquered—the insurrection was suppressed. The Count Creptowich, the Russian minister; Lord Napier, the charge-d'affaires from England; the Duc de Rivers, minister from Spain; and almost all the corps diplomatique paid their respects to the king, and complimented him upon his victory. The three above-named ministers were consulted by his majesty as to the line of conduct to be pursued. Lord Napier recommended the king to open the Chambers in person; reserving the

right of inquiry, and punishing those who were guilty in reference to the day's events. The two others counselled the annulling of the elections, and the convocation of the electoral colleges. The king resolved to adopt the latter, and issued a decree, declaratory of his intention to maintain the Constitution—but annulling the elections; placing the city of Naples in a state of siege, and commanding the dissolution of the National Guard of the capital.

CHAPTER XVI.

NAPLES—THE KING'S VICTORY.

"THE revolution suppressed in Naples—and for the first time since it broke out—raised its head immediately afterwards in Cilento, and in Calabria; a division of Sicilians, under the orders of the celebrated Ribotti, crossed over to Calabria, a provisional government was formed, and a regular camp created at Spazzano Albanese. The rebels seized La Mongiana, one of the magazines of military stores, and kept it for some weeks, during which time they held in check the troops of the king under the command of General Busacca.

"It was at this time that a man appeared, destined to occupy the highest situation, and to stem the tide of revolution—a man, with-

out exception, the most enlightened and able of Neapolitan generals—the Prince Filangiere. This nobleman was recalled from his retirement at Sora, and being unwell, was lodged in the royal palace, and ordered to direct the operations in Calabria. General Nunziante and General Sauza were sent at the head of two divisions, from the troops which had been dispatched to Lombardy under the orders of the celebrated Guglielmo Pepe—and which troops were recalled the day after the conflict at Naples. Every artifice was resorted to in order to prevent the return of these troops; to sharpen their enthusiasm, a small division was ordered to pass the Po; the orders sent from Naples were kept secret—and in contradiction, the avant garde composed of a battery of artillery, a battalion of chasseurs, and one volunteer corps, crossed the river—the remainder of the column became so unruly, that an officer, who commanded a brigade, Lalialle, blew his brains out. Pepe, in conformity with his usual custom, having gained over some of the officers, directed his steps towards Venice, taking with him *the military caisse*. It has been remarked that Pepe was very addicted to this translation of

property, and never forgetful of such useful appendages.

"Whilst the war was raging in Calabria, the parliament was opened at Naples. The elections even after the 15th May were carried on with all possible liberality—there was no restraint. Everybody knew the kingdom was in a state of insurrection; there was a war in Piedmont, and Austria could scarcely resist the revolt in Hungary. Everywhere upon the continent was there rebellion and democracy; neither was Naples free from the general infection.

"In the Neapolitan parliament there was a strong majority against the ministers—although composed by the king—of men calculated to give every support to the constitution. Amongst those forming the ministry were Prince Cariati and Prince Ischitella, both of whom were of known liberal sentiments. Cariati was president and minister of foreign affairs; the other, minister of war. Bozzali was a member of the interior, and Ruggiero directed the finance.

"It is useless to veil the truth, for it was evident to common observation, that if the parliament was deficient in political prudence,

and ill-calculated to save the liberty of the country in so difficult a moment; the ministers themselves were not more calculated to guide the vessel of the state through the storms that assailed it—against an opposition in the chambers—without any nobleness of sentiment—without any elevation of mind—and without any loyalty of intention; there was a defence without talent—without knowledge—and without courage.

"The noise and tumult of the French National Assembly had its equal in Naples; and scenes like the following, paralyzing the government, and frustrating all necessary legislation at this critical moment, occurred, as we are informed from the parliamentary journals. 'The sitting was suspended. It was again opened with the hope of a ministerial majority. The minister was desired clearly to explain his position, and to state why he still retained office when so large a majority overwhelmed him. The minister neither denied the majority, nor tendered his resignation; a vote was passed to address the king to censure his ministers.' And this was acted, and re-acted over and over again, amidst fierce gesticulations—for Neapolitans always gesti-

culate—hisses, groans, and tumults; it was, moreover, impossible, from the organization of the Chamber, that the government could ever carry a measure.

"The Calabrian insurrection was suppressed by General Nunzianti; and Filangiere, by a gallant feat, became master of Messina, the citadel of which had never fallen into the hands of the insurrectionists, notwithstanding the length of the siege, and the total indifference of the government of Naples in regard to either supplies of men or provisions.

"Again, as the scene is about to change, we must glance over the principal states, if one revolution leads to another; and, again, the restoration to order in one country, contributes to the same in another.

"The first campaign of Charles Albert led to the armistice Salasio, after the first defeat of the Piedmontese army. France had passed through scenes degrading to a civilized nation, and threatened, on every occasion, to fall from a military despotism into the most frightful anarchy. In Rome, and in Tuscany, the revolutionary party were in the ascendant, whilst the commanders of the fleets of France and England—the one Admiral Baudin, and

the other Sir William Parker—were opposed to the conveyance of troops from Naples to Sicily, under the pretext of avoiding the effusion of blood which must necessarily follow. The Neapolitan treasury had to support all the charges of the revolution consequent to the expedition to Lombardy and Sicily; unable to recruit its coffers by any vote of urgency in the chambers, as the majority were hostile to, and opposed every act emanating from the government, the king, in the execution of his constitutional authority, dissolved the chambers, and from that day to this, has, perhaps unconstitutionally, since he has never abrogated the constitution, never summoned the parliament. As this is one of the chief accusations against his majesty, in regard to the present government of Naples, I shall return to the subject again.

"The English and French mediation retarded, but could not stop the submission of Sicily, and much more blood was shed, from the time thus gained by the Sicilians to strengthen their fortifications, and create armies, than had it flowed in lesser quantities, from a more trivial resistance.

"Again the scene changes, and 1850 sees

the world transformed from what it was—to what it is. France became an empire, with all its liberties, gained through seas of blood, sacrificed to a *name*. The Roman Republic flourished and fell. The battles of Novara and Waitzen re-established the power of Austria; and thus, in France, Rome, Tuscany, and Austria, the constitutions were annihilated and trodden under foot by despotism and military sway.

"The re-action is generally as strong as the action; it is evident a nation, to gain that liberty so justly vaunted in England or America, must go through difficult times, and be subject to partial convulsions—but the error in France is the result of fear; seeing the apparent difficulty of the time, they sacrifice all they have gained, and from the dawn of real liberty rush into all the darkness of despotism; and, moreover, in the change they destroy all that is good, as well as all that is bad, never giving time for the ship to right after it has been struck by the heavy sea of revolution; thus the task is for ever beginning, and never ending.

"The general re-action of ideas was now progressing; and it is not astonishing that

Naples, which took the initiative in revolt in 1848, should likewise experience the change common to all, and be subjected to its different phases.

"Sig. Fortunato, who, before the revolution, was a minister without a portfolio, now succeeded Prince Cariati, who was attacked by the worst of maladies to which human nature is subjected—madness. Fortunato was born in the province of Basilicate, in the small village of Rio-nero; his grandfather was postmaster, and his family had acquired a certain celebrity during the time that the political brigandage desolated the province of Basilicate, by secretly encouraging the brigands, and participating in the results. This mode of enrichment is called, in the common parlance of the country, 'Agguantare.'* This minister, when young, became a magistrate, and, as procureur du roi, demanded the death of the Marquis Palmieri and twelve other individuals, who were executed for having held a secret correspondence with the legitimate king, who had sought shelter in Sicily during the French occupation of Naples. In 1820, he enacted

* "Agguantare," to seize with quickness and violence.

the part of liberal; and in 1840, owing to the friendship of the Marchese Pietracatella, he was admitted into his ministry, to support Pietracatella in his opposition to Santangelo. He was grateful to his master, and succeeded in occasioning the fall of his adversary; but his triumph was of short duration—the ministry were all obliged to resign, but now had returned to power. After the revolution was crushed, he was powerful enough, if blessed with sufficient talent, loyalty, and love of his country, to have rendered great service to his king, and obtained the approbation of his fellow-citizens.

"Sicily conquered — the revolution suppressed—and public opinion inclining towards the royal authority, from the fear produced by the late conduct of the insurgents—with an army attached to the sovereign in all fidelity and enthusiasm, dignified by success, what could not Fortunato have effected? He had the choice of two paths: one, to maintain the constitution in spite of the dangers which such a return might occasion; the other, to give to the king absolute authority and power, which, when shared, had been only productive of treason and anarchy. Fortunato had neither the

courage nor the firmness to follow either the one or the other; he commenced a system of political persecution, under the surveillance and arbitrary will of the police, thus engendering a greater terror by this reactionary movement than had existed under the revolution; and many and many a poor sufferer was consigned to the dreary gaols of this kingdom, and kept for months — nay, years without a trial: he was arrested, imprisoned, without being allowed a defence, and many died before even the law could claim its victim.

"Numbers of addresses were now forwarded, praying the king to suppress the constitution; all the authorities or people holding office under the government, who, either from respect to their oaths already taken to uphold the constitution, or those whose moral dignity rendered them averse to this *forced* acquisition, refused to sign these petitions, were immediately removed from their situations. That these petitions received forced signatures, no one in all Naples will contest. By these means private hatred sought its cowardly vengeance —no man was safe—and a simple denunciation, when no proof of innocence was received,

rendered envy powerful, and malice triumphant. Who could presume to be innocent, when the informer's word was alone heard? Those denounced, were condemned as partizans in the revolution—they were swept from their offices, condemned by the police, and imprisoned as culprits.

"The king was at this time absent from Naples, and, let us hope, ignorant of these atrocious proceedings; but when informed of them, they were declared necessary for the public safety, and the royal ear was filled with the disclosures of conspiracies which never existed, and of revolts which never occurred. Public opinion was declared adverse to the king's authority, and private society hostile to him. To these may be added the aspect of public and foreign affairs: the growing, and almost overwhelming authority of Austria—the change in the government of France, and the almost hostile attitude of England, rendered any attempt on the king's part, either bold or noble, as a risk not to be contemplated. Had he restored, or re-instated the constitution, by reopening the chambers, he would have rendered the army disaffected—he could not have commanded a majority—the believed

weakness would have led to further impossible demands, and he would have been hurried to destruction by the interference of foreign courts, each endeavouring to direct him in accordance with their own governments. In this difficult position he allowed himself to be led by the course of events, and, with consummate tact, declared every decree only provisionally made.

"Fortunato, assisted by his colleagues, the minister of justice, Longobardi, and the minister of police, Peuheneda, now instituted the trial so well known as that of L'Italia Unita, which was afterwards followed by the more fatal one of the 15th of May. This implicated the principal people of the revolution, and many who had been members of the chambers. The constitution, not having been abrogated by any decree of the king, was still, although violated by the sovereign, the acknowledged law of the land; and as that law held the persons of the deputies inviolable, they pleaded that objection to the proceedings—the objection was overruled, and the trials commenced.

"Whilst this great reactionary movement was in motion, a man, who has for ever bound his name to the history of Naples, Mr. Glad-

stone, arrived. I was one of the first to be introduced to him. I saw in him a man of great ability and observation ; and, although I never was intimate with him, I never lost sight of him a minute during his stay at Naples. It is impossible not to recognize in this man the most distinguished talent, coupled with a keen and vigilant observation ; more so, indeed, than is generally found in men of his political pre-eminence ; and I gladly record my opinion of the sincerity of his intentions, and the perfect loyalty of his character. Mr. Gladstone arrived in Naples, bringing with him letters of introduction to Prince Ischitella, then, and now, minister of war ; and also to Fortunato. Neither of these ministers manifested that attention which was due to a stranger of such political importance, and hardly bestowed that little cordiality which generally emanates from all who welcome a foreigner into their society. Mr. Gladstone took up his residence at the Palazzo Dupont, on the Chiatamone ; received every Wednesday night, and was very intimate with an English family residing in the Palazzo Caramanica. This family had been long residents of Rome, and devoted their capacities to political senti-

mentality, and their artistical talent on the portrait of Garibaldi. Amongst the frequenters of this society, was one Signore Lacaita, and an attache of the English embassy, very well known for his liberal opinions. Signore Lacaita was one of those men willing to be believed superior to all his countrymen; and who made defamation, contempt, and hatred of others, the pedestal of his own elevation. It was in this society that Mr. Gladstone first imbibed his impression of Neapolitan horrors.

"Before I proceed to criticise Mr. Gladstone, allow me to make some remarks upon the English embassy in Naples. For a very long time the post of minister plenipotentiary to the king of the Two Sicilies has been held by Sir William Temple. The English government, in its far-seeing policy, had ever maintained the strictest amity with the Bourbons of Naples; they had sheltered and protected them in Naples and Sicily during the invasions by the French in 1799, and of the occupation by Murat, and assisted them by force of arms to re-obtain their usurped throne. It is true, Great Britain reaped a certain benefit by commercial treaties, never ceasing to

interfere on either side of the Faro of Messina.

"I shall not endeavour to explain the marked change of conduct of England towards Naples whenever Lord Palmerston has held office—I will not impute it either to the fault of the Neapolitan government, or to Sir William Temple. I have known Sir William for many years; I have been forced to study his character under all its different shades, either as a public or a private man. Sir William has received from nature almost as much talent as his illustrious brother, Lord Palmerston; and if his capacity were not somewhat weakened by want of exercise, I have no doubt that England would possess in him, if not an able orator, most certainly a very great and profound politician. Unfortunately, energy is not one of Sir William's virtues; he loves tranquillity, repose, conviviality: whilst he rebukes my countrymen with the eternal reproach of the 'Dolce far niente,' I fearlessly avow I never knew a more perfect *faiseur de rien* than Sir William. With a talent capable of sublimity, he remains from inclination inactive. Sarcastically witty, and clever, he might be amusing, but he fears the applause

might startle his lethargy. A thorough gentleman, in its most comprehensive sense, he might have friends—but then these friends might disturb his repose. He loves Naples; it is warm in winter, and in summer can be changed: there is nothing of importance to be done—if there is, the appearance of a few ships from Malta would be more persuasive than diplomatic notes.

"Whenever anything troublesome does occur, this minister is never at his post; if this arises from instructions, calculations, or combinations, who knows?

"During the sulphur question, Mr. Kennedy was chargé-d'affaires; in 1848 Lord Napier replaced the minister; and now that the eastern question has involved half Europe in a war, and threatens to those for the moment at peace, the most difficult questions; Sir William is in London, and Mr. Lowther is left to combat all the embarrassments of the position.

"To estimate correctly the conduct of the English Legation at Naples, would be to involve me in the sulphur question, and the events of 1848. I relinquish the intricacies of the first to the English government and

Mr. Kennedy, but I cannot so lightly dispose of the latter.

"I know Lord Napier intimately. Every person in Naples is conversant with Lord Napier's character, and will designate him to you as a revolutionary agent, and a personal enemy of the king. Circumstances have been so wedded together, that it is impossible to rest contented, either with the opinions formed of this young diplomatist in Naples, or at London. Lord Napier is no democrat, far from it; he is liberal, very liberal in his opinions, but then it is an aristocratic liberalism. Endowed with a certain sensibility, which is concealed under the mask of study, he loves Italy as does a Balbo or Azeglio; there is nothing in extremes, as in Mazzini. When the political agitation began, Lord Napier appeared as much excited as an Italian, and he found himself chargé-d'affaires in a country where the position assigned him was one of considerable difficulty.

"Sicily reclaimed the constitution of 1812, which Lord W. Bentinck had bestowed upon it, and now desired again not only to obtain it as a right, but to have it secured under the guarantee of England. The English ships of

war, at Palermo, may be said to have fraternized with the insurgents, and were almost committed to the protection of Sicily; and the Neapolitans having quitted the island, the inhabitants saw the advantage of the alliance of England.

"Lord Minto openly favoured the Italian insurrection, resembling, in his behaviour, the movement of the head of a snail, coming out, and going in, in his private and public character, as openness or concealment was requisite: directly his acts could compromise his government, the public man sought shelter in his shell; and the private and irresponsible one was, horns and all, shown to the world.

"Lord Napier firmly believed in the probable success of the Italian and Sicilian revolts. There were many others, reputed wise in the world's esteem, who entertained similar ideas, and they acted accordingly as their hopes and wishes predominated; but it is just to remark, and I know it as a positive truth, that when some of the leaders of the insurrection at Naples, after the constitution was obtained, called on Lord Napier, in the almost certainty of receiving encouragement in the shape of money, and a favourable demonstration, to

complete the great work of the regeneration of Italy, Lord Napier, in a speech replete with sound judgment and political prudence, urged them to abstain from all excesses, which would only tend to compromise the liberties already accorded by the king: he gave them clearly to understand that the interest of England was in the quiet and orderly inauguration of the constitution, and that the peaceful disposition of the Neapolitans should not be disturbed. Lord Napier also expressed a wish that the constitution, which was similar to that of France, might be, by degrees, changed more to resemble that of England. The Neapolitan nobility might here find their order maintained and their power acknowledged.

"Lord Napier was badly surrounded while at Naples: one of the attachés, and a man of some influence, was scarcely one remove from a radical; the other was an English subject, but born in Sicily—nay, I doubt if he had ever been in England. The first hated all Neapolitans, and despised them—he was undisguised in his contempt; the other naturally shared in the feelings of those amongst whom he had been born, and with whom he had

constantly associated; he is so entirely Sicilian, that he speaks English with an accent more evident than my own. The nomination of this gentleman could not be favourably viewed by the king; but he was useful, and laborious, and Sir William was idle. A legation thus formed was necessarily hostile to the king; nor is the position much ameliorated at the present moment; and you, sir, who have just visited the different courts of the Italian states, are well aware what suspicion and apprehension is attached to all the English legations; and it is easy for you to convince yourself that the public opinion, which is loudly proclaimed, asserts, that England founds her political supremacy on the dissensions of the continent, and that her agents foment and support the discords. True, or not true, such is the public opinion; and you must have heard it in every society, where a political remark has been hazarded. In Naples, this opinion is general, either with the royalists, constitutionalists, or democrats; and what is most remarkable, the revolutionary party, who ought most to rejoice in this suspicion of the English, although ready to profit by it, have

little confidence in the loyalty of your legations.

"It is no concern of mine if the English government approved or disapproved the conduct of the English ministers abroad. I only mention the fact, that, in every capital, the English are viewed with mistrust and disaffection.

"The English legation at Naples neglected no opportunity of manifesting their sympathy with the political prisoners, to whose trial I have before alluded. Whenever the court sat —and its doors were open—there was Sir William Temple and his diplomatic tail; there, also, was Mr. Gladstone. I do not mean to say that they were *always* there, but that they were often there; they had every opportunity of watching the proceedings. Mr. Gladstone wished to examine the prisons, and to study the penitentiary system: the permission was accorded instantly.

"I admit that, of all the branches of administration, that which had received the least amelioration during the reign of Ferdinand II., was the penitentiary system. The minister of the interior had ordered examinations and reports to be made on this important subject, and many interesting publications on this

subject, in accordance with the above order, attest the attention which had been paid to the minister's circular. On these being presented to the king, his majesty, having carefully examined the reports, was anxious to reform the system; but here he was opposed by the minister of police, who, exercising a great influence in the prison by means of the police, saw at once the loss of power which he would sustain if these abuses—and these abuses were mostly exercised by the police—were reformed.

"Gladstone, perhaps, did not know these little details of meditated improvement and opposition. He saw the things as they were, and contrasted them with the obligations of civilization: he listened with horror and indignation to the recital of torments and tortures inflicted on the prisoners—which torments and tortures, however fluently related, have never been proved.

"Before the publication of Gladstone's work, the contents of which had been communicated to Lord Aberdeen, this minister informed the Prince Castelcicala, then minister from the court of the Two Sicilies, in London, of the nature of Gladstone's work, and requested the

prince to make it known to his government, in order that, by forestalling the publication, and preventing the necessity of it, some softening of the system, or some justification of the measures, might be made. Castelcicala immediately wrote to the minister of foreign affairs, Fortunato; but this gentleman, being well aware of the severe blame which would fall upon him if the king should see the case as Mr. Gladstone had painted it—written with all the nerve and the talent of this statesman's ability—resolved to conceal the communication, and it was never reported to the king.

"The kind intention of Lord Aberdeen being frustrated, Mr. Gladstone's celebrated letters were published.

"So much has been said and written on these famous productions, that it is difficult to add anything new. It is not my intention to examine these letters word for word. It will be sufficient to state that the work was published at the most unfortunate moment, for these letters arrived at the time when the reaction appeared contented with its exploits—when the revolutionary fermentation had sub-

sided—when the king was inclined to grant a total amnesty.

"The reaction immediately recommenced; the revolutionary party, although conquered, began to entertain hopes, and awoke from its sleep. The king, accused before all Europe in a manner so seriously affecting his character as a sovereign and a Christian, was forced, in vindication, to place himself at the head of the reactionary party.

"If Mr. Gladstone, instead of surveying Neapolitan society from the lowest to the highest, had examined it from the highest to the lowest—if he had duly considered the recent misfortunes it had experienced, its recent agitations, its recent history—he would have had before his eyes the inherent conditions of a power scarcely established after a civil war, and that power maintained by a faction and a military despotism. Then Pity might have taken the place of Horror; and instead of writing these letters on the spur of the moment, he would have allowed time, peace, good counsel, and forgiveness to have calmed the passions of the people, and thus to have alleviated the misfortunes, and given that

prospect of contented tranquillity, now, alas! lost for many and many a year.

"M. Fortunato desired a kind of official answer to be drawn up, and published in several journals in the various parts of Europe; a defence of the Neapolitan government. This was an absurdity. When the publication of Mr. Gladstone had occurred, it was evidently the best policy to allow any person who felt inclined to enter the lists of this controversy, to write what he chose; but the government should never have descended to a defence against an attack made by a private individual; for, at that time, Mr. Gladstone held no official situation; the act of its circulation by Lord Palmerston or Aberdeen did not change the position; it was the mere report and opinion of a private individual. Signor Fortunato, on the contrary, very foolishly treated these letters as public opinion.

"The semi-official defence of the Neapolitan government was drawn up by a certain judge, one Mandarino; it was absurd in its substance and in its form; but the defence published in France was better arranged. Mr. Gladstone seized upon the report of Mandarino, and, with great cleverness, answered it.

In this answer, Mr. Gladstone not only defended his views concerning the political trials and the prisoners, but he attacked the very essence of the Neapolitan government.

"In his first letter, Mr. Gladstone had referred to the political catechism, declaring that, that work made perjury sublime in theory; he now attacked the king for the violation of his oath, and of his systematic defiance of the fundamental law of the state; and, by a little flowery rhetoric, he made Ferdinand II. a kind of shadow of Charles I., and hinted, '*Qui potest capere capiat.*'

"The question is one of such importance, that it cannot be lightly dismissed—and it becomes the more necessary to be carefully examined, from the bold manner in which it has been advanced. Thus, a constitution has been sworn to be maintained by the king; an oath cannot be broken; therefore, since the constitution has been violated, the king is a perjurer.

"I am quite certain Mr. Gladstone, if he still remembers me, and has the same opinion of me now, as he had when I enjoyed his friendship, will never accuse me of a very elastic conscience in things appertaining to worldly

honour, or religion; I can, therefore, venture seriously to examine the question.

"I begin by establishing the duties imposed upon those who are placed at the head of a government of a whole people. It appears to me, that their first duty, the most essential, is to guarantee the organisation of society of which they are at the head, by supporting to the utmost moral and civil justice, and by preventing moral and civil injustice. If I am not deceived, this is the first and most important duty of all governments, of whatever form; be they democratic, republican, constitutional, or despotic. The existence of society is the foremost, then the prosperity of such society, and, lastly, its stability, its greatness. The first refers to the laws which regulate the reciprocity between individuals, and between them and the state; the second, that which regulates the forms and the constitutions of government.

"A society may exist if the second condition is violated, but it cannot exist if the first is abrogated. A country may exist under a monarchy, an oligarchy, or a democracy, but it cannot exist under anarchy; the first is simply the form of life, the second is the life

itself. These principles have been acknowledged by all people, of all times; the greatest and freest of nations, in times which threatened their existence, have always abandoned the *form*, and placed the government in the hands most likely to avert the storm.

"The King of Naples was the first, in the revolutionary times of 1847 and 1848, to give a constitution to his people; the statutes of a constitution form a pact which ought to be strictly observed by both parties—those who gave it, and those who obtained it. But a very few days had passed, after this mutual pact had been agreed upon, than on all sides arose an agitation, which sheltered itself under the ægis of liberty. The deputies elected to maintain the law as it stood, were the first and most clamorous for its change; and to obtain which, they placed themselves at the head of an insurrection—shed blood in profusion, plunging the country into all the horrors of a civil war.

"The monarch was stronger than the insurrection, and, notwithstanding this rebellion, opened the chambers; the majority was composed of those who had organized the insurrection, and who now placed themselves

in resolute opposition to the government in the parliament, whilst outside they encouraged the rising in Calabria. The chambers are dissolved, re-opened, and the same opposition continues. The army now interferes, and loudly demands that the chambers should be closed. The nation itself becomes alarmed, being threatened by communism in its own provinces, a civil war in Sicily, a revolution in Tuscany and in Rome, and acknowledges by its dissensions the necessity of one strong ruling power. The king dissolves the chambers, *but he maintains the constitution.*

"Throughout Europe another change had taken place, and those which had obtained constitutions fell into despotism, witness France and Austria. An occupation of Rome by the French was affected, *one republic crushing the other.* Sicily was only held in subjection by the powerful arm of Filangiere and a strong military force. The whole country required a re-organization to restore tranquillity, after so serious a convulsion.

"Was it possible for the King of Naples to have opened the parliament?

"Could the monarch save the country from the anarchy which was ready to absorb society,

if the nucleus of civil defenders was permitted to remain?

"Would not this power of mischief have encouraged a hope in the revolutionary parties, sharpened afresh the hatreds, hardly blunted —prompted to the refusal to pay the necessary taxes, and, perhaps, rendered necessary the intervention of a foreign power, the greatest of all evils—the greatest of all misfortunes?

"In Austria, France, Rome, and Tuscany, necessity had obliged the heads of these states entirely to suppress the constitutions which had been granted. The King of Naples alone, notwithstanding the numerous addresses from all quarters, in spite of the insistence of several foreign courts, never suppressed the constitution, although he governed absolutely, which the necessity of the times demanded. He alone has kept the constitution, although virtually he acts in defiance of it; and for this reason the English raise their voices more clamorously against him, than against those who have made the people's charter a dead letter, never to be resuscitated but by another revolution.

"Now I ask Mr. Gladstone, or yourself,

if he feels confident that in re-instating the Neapolitan parliament it would not have led, not only to an insurrection in Naples, but in all Italy, and perhaps Europe? or are you certain that the army of occupation in Rome, or the Austrian forces which had occupied Tuscany, and the legations, would have allowed this move towards liberalism without an intervention much more vexatious and intolerable to the kingdom of the Two Sicilies?

"If, after this, Mr. Gladstone asserts that the oath should still have been maintained, and cast his odium particularly on the King of Naples, whilst with a cautious reserve he overlooks the conduct and cruelties in Austria and France, for he seems to have drawn the pale of forgetfulness over what occurred in these countries, and has never attacked them for precisely similar occurrences; —I answer *yes*, the oath ought to have been maintained, *if it brought not with the adherence to it, anarchy, foreign invasion, and the loss of moral dignity to the whole nation.*

"If Mr. Gladstone had duly considered the particular position of affairs in Naples, instead of hinting the fate of Charles I., who, allow me to say, never *gave*, but took away the liberties

long enjoyed in England, he would have recalled to his memory the fate of Italy in the middle ages, which, refusing to unite under one firm, powerful hand, fell into foreign slavery.

"These letters of Mr. Gladstone produced a great effect in Naples; whoever could obtain them, read them, and, of course, commented on them; and even the most zealous royalist admitted the moral force which the king lost by these attacks, levelled only against him. Castelcicala, after being severely censured, was recalled; this nobleman, on his return, fully justified his conduct; he explained to the king the path he had followed at Lord Aberdeen's instigation, and accused Fortunato of having concealed the dispatch.

"The mischief was done, and Macfarlane's rubbishing defence made the sting of Gladstone more venomous.

"Fortunato was now under the king's displeasure, when another act of this minister produced a greater effect upon his majesty's mind. It came to light, that Fortunato was entirely under French influence, and that he had privately communicated to Louis Napo-

leon, the refusal of the King of Naples to assist the Count de Chambord in a meditated movement in favour of the latter in France. Fortunato was too eager in making a merit of this, and which was not his work, but that of the king, who foresaw how fatal to all thrones would have been a second revolution at that moment. Thanks, of course, if only diplomatic thanks, were returned by Louis Napoleon to the king, who, to his great astonishment, found his own secret had been divulged. There were two concerned in this little diplomatic treachery—the minister, Fortunato, and the private secretary of the king, Signor Corsi; and these two gentlemen were precisely the persons who agreed to conceal Castelcicala's dispatch, relative to Lord Aberdeen's wish to prevent the circulation or publication of Gladstone's letters.

"There was a hunting-party fixed for the following day of the discovery of the above affairs, at which Fortunato was to do the honours: the king had left Naples, having made the requisite arrangement with the minister for the rendezvous; but during the night Fortunato received his dismissal from

office, accompanied with a certain degradation. Corsi was also dismissed as private secretary, but, in consideration for his long friendship with the king, was made a councillor of state. If private secretaries are not silenced effectually, they are always somewhat coaxed to taciturnity, by being employed elsewhere. Fortunato being dismissed, the ministry of Naples was composed of men who still occupy the different places. Urso, minister of finance; Prince Ischitella, minister of war; Longobarde, minister of justice and keeper of the the seals; Troya (brother of the celebrated historian, who was minister in 1848), president of the council; Carrascosa, minister of public works; Murena, director of the interior; Mazza, director of police; Scorza, director of public instruction; and Carafa, with the portfolio of foreign affairs.

"If I were to tell you that the affairs are well conducted under such a ministry, I should deceive you—very greatly deceive you; with some rare exceptions, this ministry is composed of men of narrow views and minds, and without much knowledge of the art of government. Ischitella, by far the best and

the most honourable amongst them, is a brave old general, who served with much credit to himself, in the grande armée of the former French Empire. Murena has a certain talent —Carrascosa is a very good artillery officer; but take them in the mass, it is not less true that they are a ministry without talent, without elevation of mind, without any fixed principle, or determined line of conduct. Every act of this incongruous set is only intended to patch up the urgency of the moment; there is nothing done but from necessity—it is a ministry of expedients to satisfy the demands of the day.

"The watchful king, absorbed in the great political difficulties of the eastern question, leaves the cabinet without any modifications, fearing that any other change may embarrass the affairs, and, perhaps, lead to some internal confusion: preferring rather tranquillity with this mediocrity of talent, to men more able, with any disturbance—feeling certain that he can always give an impulse in the direction he chooses at present, which would be more difficult with individuals who knew their own weight, and might oppose what they considered unad-

visable. Nothing shews more plainly the imbecility of the present men, than their constant opposition to Filangiere in Sicily—an opposition which prevents improvements in the finest island of the world, and the richest gem in the crown of Naples.

CHAPTER XVII.

FERDINAND OF NAPLES.

"I HAVE studied the character of the king for many years, and from my position, had every advantage to form a correct judgment; he has been cruelly abused by those who knew very little of him, and badly defended by those who knew him better.

"Ferdinand II. is the upholder of justice, and a defender of the laws; his intentions are good and sincere. Endowed with no mean talent, and with a wonderful memory, he instantly perceives the sterling from the tinsel qualities, and he treasures the remembrance of what is good; he has a perception and finesse quite Sicilian.

"In private life, and as a father of a family, his most bitter enemies give him his due credit

for morality and affection; his manner, full of ease and kindness, makes a favourable impression on all who approach him. His education, which was sufficient for a private individual, was certainly insufficient for a king in these perilous times; if, instead of confiding his youth to the instruction of the Bishop Olivieri, who neglected the requisite quality of a sound politician, and engrafted in his majesty an extreme of religion, some man, more conversant in the world's ways, more instructed in the useful book of history, and more conversant with modern politics, had been his instructor; I have no doubt but his majesty would have been acknowledged a wiser and a better king. He is generous without being vain; is merciful and forgiving, when such virtues can be exercised without danger to the state.

"His good common sense made him resist, in 1831, the tempting allurement to ambition, of placing himself at the head of the Italian movement, and thus was saved from the calamity which afterwards was fatal to Charles Albert. He always preferred and maintained the individuality of his kingdom, disliking foreign interference, either by himself or others. In the instructions given by the king in his

own hand-writing to Deliaretto, these words are found,—'*Non voglio rivoluzioni*—*non voglio Tedeschi*;' but he never would yield his right to reign and govern; and fearing a too powerful ministry, he has always counter-balanced one minister of a certain tendency, by another of a contrary one; so that a coalition of the whole, which might endanger his own authority, could never occur. If he has good qualities, he is not exempt from the general failing of all men; he has but little confidence in any man, and a general suspicion of all, and especially those nearest to him. In every action he sees some secret motive; and rarely, if ever, believes a good action can spring from a virtuous design. This suspicion, which in one habituated to the treachery of friends, is excusable; but the King of Naples, in many instances, has been served loyally, devotedly, and has not failed in the general ingratitude of sovereigns. The Marquis Nunziante, who quelled the Calabrian insurrection, died of grief; the conduct of the ministry and the want of support from the king, which last he felt more bitterly than the first, consigned him to a speedy grave. Filangiere has often been disposed to resign,

in consequence of the unceasing opposition to all his plans of improvements by the ministry and by the court; Filangiere suppressed the Sicilian revolt, and by his firm, just, and honourable character, is esteemed and beloved even by those who felt the heavy pressure of his iron hand. General Tronio, the man who so bravely defended the citadel of Messina, died shortly after the revolution, a victim of his majesty's ingratitude.

"If the king is jealous of his power, he is still more so of the popularity of a subject; every good measure he would fain have believed to emanate from himself; and that which is unpopular, he leaves his ministers to bear. Sarcastic and witty by nature, he cares not how deeply he wounds his most strenuous upholder, rather than sacrifice the jest. Louis XIV., in his Memoirs, justly condemns this habit, which, in a king, may lead to the most fatal results; besides, it is unworthy of a monarch to insult, where he would refuse satisfaction. His most faithful servants are cast aside without remorse, his only object being to keep the balance of opposition equal in his ministry.

"With a versatility of talent, the gift of

nature, he loves to *do* everything himself, rather than overlook the doings of others. He will himself determine the line of a street, and forces the engineers to follow his directions, rather than listen to their suggestion. He will change the plans of fortifications; and officers of high rank and talent carry out what is expressly against their own propositions. He enters into the detail of every administration in the provinces, or the communes, of regiments, hospitals, &c., thus defeating the good endeavours of those in office or command, and leading to insubordination, by destroying the confidence in the commanders.

"The king attaches but little importance to the different orders which ought to surround his person and form his court. A few officers constitute his principal *entourage;* the nobility, as a body, are totally neglected, and consequently those whose personal interest it is to maintain that which the sovereign neglects, look coldly on him who seems to lower them, if only by the distance at which they are kept. The aristocracy are either cold in their loyalty, or liberal from fashion.

"Ferdinand II., pious and religious in his actions, has sometimes merged into super-

stition and intolerance; even now, he contributes to the aversion of the queen for theatrical representations, or for the society which should enliven a court, and contribute to the circulation of money by entertainments. In 1854, he made an effort to obtain popularity, by again, after a lapse of years, opening his palace, and by giving balls. This excitement to luxury has proved ruinous to one or two families, who, in this year of uncertainty, felt themselves obliged to follow the example of the court.

"I have now, I hope, fairly placed before you the qualities and the faults of the king. It is, of course, only my individual opinion, but that opinion has not been hastily formed; let us now look at some facts which any man may prove at his disposition.

"To judge the king fairly and honourably, we must examine his reign prior to 1848, rather than afterwards; neither should we condemn him for actions which arose from the facts of the revolution producing causes and effects which he could not control, and for which he can scarcely be made accountable.

"It is very difficult to procure official documents, to obtain accurate statistical accounts

upon which to found a comparative analogy between the affairs of the kingdom of Naples before and after the present king's accession to the throne; but I have at hand an official document of 1846, which will give some idea of the progressive improvement in this reign.

"Failing to give an exact account of the finances of the state, as they may properly be called, I proceed to explain to you the administration of the interior, which comprises the management of that vast whole, which ultimately becomes the prop and support of the nation.

"The kingdom of Naples is divided into provinces, and these provinces are sub-divided into districts and communes. Every province is administered by a prefect, assisted by a 'conseil d'intendance,' a secretary-general, and a sub-prefect. Each province manages its own monetary affairs, and has a provincial council freely elected according to the terms dictated by the communal council, the deliberations of which are likewise free. Every commune has its council of ten, which proposes the budget, the provincial taxes or octrois, the communal works, and the administration of its revenues. Annually the provincial council examines the

provincial budget, censures or approves the acts of the intendants, and the administrative functionaries, and brings forward its projects for new works.

"Those who believe that absolutism is rooted in the minds of the people, may here see their mistake, for in the model of the provinces may be traced what might apply to the general government. In this model, we find that every province, every commune, has a free representation, and a free right to discuss, and to examine in all that regards the public administration. I admit that there still is a wide difference between the constitution of France of 1830, and the English constitution in regard to Naples; but I would draw your attention to the fact, that although we have not the entire liberty which you possess, yet that we have as much as Napoleon left to that nation which shed more blood than all Europe to obtain it.

"Accusations have frequently been made, asserting that the Neapolitan government ruined the public administration by countenancing the demoralization and venality of its public servants *before* the revolution. This idea of systematic plundering by the adminis-

tration, is heard everywhere; but, as far as the state is concerned, facts are of more value than hasty and malicious suspicions. Naples is the only kingdom of those which waded through a revolution, and even with some which escaped it, which has never had in circulation paper money, and where taxation is light in comparison with other countries; and this same poor mismanaged kingdom of Naples has had to support a war in Sicily, an expedition into Lombardy, and to pay heavy indemnities to foreign powers.

"In examining the statistical accounts of which I before spoke, it will be found that the revenue derived from property which forms the patrimony of the continental communes of the kingdom, and which was laid before the national parliament by the minister of the interior, in 1820, amounted to 1,795,660 ducats. From 1820 to 1830 this was increased by 66,595 ducats. Since the accession of the present king, to the year 1843, the revenue had increased to 2,301,204 ducats, and a further augmentation occurred between the years 1843 and 1847. In giving a proportionate increase of capital to the increase of revenue, it will be found that under the

administration of the supposed thieves, the general wealth was augmented by nearly ten millions of ducats.

"A report of the minister of the interior in 1847, shews that the general taxation for the continental part of the kingdom amounted to 1,400,000 ducats; which sum, spread over a population, calculated well within the mark at 6,100,000 inhabitants, gives an average for each individual of twenty-three grains per annum. In 1847, the provinces and the communes, besides the streets and the works undertaken at the expense of the government, made at their own cost 1,300 miles of Neapolitan roads, whilst Sicily was benefited, a very rare occurrence, with 400 miles of direct communication: in this account, cross-roads are omitted.

"The public cemeteries, and other public works, were undertaken. The archives of the kingdom, the richest, perhaps, in Europe, containing 40,000 diplomas on parchment, were constructed, and the money, 791,142 ducats, assigned for public works was increased to 1,443,336 ducats. In every commune, schools for primary instruction for both sexes were

built, and an augmentation of the budget was ordered for this purpose. In each province there is a Lyceum, where gratuitous instruction is given to those who show precocious talent; and, independently of these schools, there are numerous seminaries, maintained and directed by the bishops.

"During the reign of Ferdinand, until the year 1847, three marine schools were established; one at Procida, the other two at Castellamare, and in Catania. The charitable asylums on the continent of the two kingdoms, from the year 1831 to 1847, have increased their funds by three millions and a half. Twenty-two new hospitals had been erected; thirty-four Monts de Piete; twenty-two establishments for granting dowries on marriage, and seventeen new charitable asylums. These facts speak for themselves; the poor are provided for, and education is not neglected—the public works, for the public good, meet the eye at every turn; and the country, if ruled despotically, contains everywhere in the provinces the germs of freedom of administration—nay, more, the above will shew how false is the accusation, that those in office grow

rich by pilfering the state and purloining its monies. Almost all the men who administered to the state, prior to 1848, are dead; the accusations against these have not ceased even now, although their families are very far from being in affluence; yet, with these proofs, it is still unfortunately the idea, that men in office, instead of considering the public welfare, think more of themselves. I candidly entertained the same ideas, until, from my position in the state, I was enabled to see my error, and therefore I can well forgive you if your mind has been abused by the ceaseless defamation against all public men in Naples. It is this which has lowered us in the eyes of foreigners, and who consider us as venal as Spaniards in office; for such is the unfortunate character of the Neapolitans, that they view every man with suspicion, attribute to every action, however great and laudable, a personal motive; and hence the inquisitive stranger, or the observant traveller, is apt to suspect, that so general an accusation must have some foundation in facts.

"Some people argue that we are all paupers and beggars, because paupers and beggars by

profession, with all the horrors of deformity, are eternally surrounding every carriage, and pestering every stranger. But you know that the Albergo dei Poveri is open to receive them : it is a great error in the police to allow these professional beggars to solicit alms publicly, and thus to cast a slur upon the whole kingdom, by leading foreigners to believe, that there being no asylum for such miserable wretches, they are obliged to beg, in order to exist.

"I heard it mentioned that you intended very shortly to quit Naples, I therefore bring these papers to a close. They form a sketch, merely a sketch, hastily dashed off, without form and without carefulness of style. Do not imagine, that because I have not sent the documents as proofs, I am destitute of them, nor consider these remarks as assertions without proof. In speaking of Naples from 1790 to 1814, I have consulted the history of Charles Botta, which is the most accredited in Italy ; for the events of 1820, I have refreshed my memory by reference to Colletta and Coco ; for those scenes of the present day, I have had recourse to my memory, and the knowledge of events which passed under my own observa-

tion, 'Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.' The situation which I held, enabled me to assist at the drama behind the scenes. I know all the actors, and have divested them of their comedian robes. I have only written that of which I am certain; of course, in giving the general view, I have omitted the details.

"This sketch does not comprehend a complete view of the kingdom of Naples; neither would it have been so, had your departure been delayed, and the work been rendered more complete; but I trust I have said enough to enable you to judge better than in the ordinary way of hurried travellers. Italy in general, and Naples in particular, are countries very difficult to understand or appreciate.

"Naples, seen with northern eyes, appears small and insignificant, from its want of any political importance; but taking the inhabitants separately, there will be found a greatness in their individuality, and more aptitude of knowledge than in the north. This is a truth, which many will contest, but it is not less a truth. Here every man thinks for himself—follows his own ideas—and either prospers by his virtues, or falls from his errors. We

shall never be a powerful nation, but we shall never perish; that which would content others, will not content us; that which dazzles elsewhere, has no charms for us. Egoism and monomania; these are the cankers—these the devouring worms of our destiny."

So ended the MS., to which I might make a few objections, especially as regards the remarks upon Gladstone. It appears to me, that my Neapolitan friend has rather overlooked the strong points of the pamphlet, especially as to the trials of Poerio and others. It is very true there is a strong reference to the oath; but oaths of allegiance, and oaths of monarchs, who are compelled to grant constitutions, are mere words — they are the means to arrive at an end, which end being gained, the means are discarded. We have seen this in Austria, France, and Naples—the oaths of kings are like the oaths of the French; they are made to every constitution, and violated to every monarch. "It is but one more," said the Count De la P——, one day, as he was rebuked for his tergiversation; "we Frenchmen make and break oaths on every occasion." This was a peer of France!

Gladstone's pamphlet is more levelled at the illegality of Poerio's trial — the brow-beating of the judge—the known subornation of witnesses, and the extreme cruelty of the sentence, because it is practised on a *gentleman*. There are five volumes published by authority at Naples containing the prosecution of Poerio, but not one word of the defence, although that lasted twenty-four days! But it must be admitted, that however humane was the idea which dictated this pamphlet, it was, to say the least, injudicious. If every Don Quixote is to run a tilt at injustices, murders, oath-breaking, trials, condemnations, and executions, where would publication cease? besides, surely a nation is the best judge of the legality of a nation's law. What could be more unjust, illegal, and brutal than the trials after the revolution of 1848 in France? When were more cruelties, murders, expatriations, thefts, confiscations, illegalities, and tyrannies exercised, than after the *coup d'etat* of the second of December?

The King of Naples, bad as he is, has done no more than other sovereigns: it is true, two blacks will not make one white! but why be

so indignant against one, and caress the other ?—simply, because you despise the power of the one, and require the assistance of the other. The world is ever so; and not even the self-vaunting justice of England can escape the impeachment of inconsistency and irresolution.

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